

# THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 1141.

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The convenience of Subscribers residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are released in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines. Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than Three Months, and in advance, are received by M. HAUDRY, 3, Quai Malaquais, Paris, or at the Publishing Office, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, London. For France (JAMES HOLMES, TOOE'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE, and other Countries not requiring the postage to be paid in London, 25s. or 11. 2s. the year. To other Countries, the postage in addition.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**  
THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.—This Department will RE-OPEN on FRIDAY, October 5, 1849. Candidates for admission, not being Associates of King's College, or Graduates of any University, Cambridge, and Durham, must present themselves for examination at half-past Ten o'clock on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4, at the Secretary's Office. Printed forms of application (which should be sent in a week previously to the examination) and the Prospectus, containing all information as to the course of study and expense, may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.  
August 7, 1849. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**  
DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.—THE COURSE OF LECTURES in this department, including Divinity, Mathematics, Classics, English Literature, as well as the Hebrew, Oriental, and Modern Languages, will RE-OPEN on WEDNESDAY, October 3, on which day all Students are requested to attend Chapel. New Students must enter on Tuesday, October 2. Two Scholarships of 300, each, for three years, and two of 200, each, for two years, will be filled up at Easter next. Full information upon every subject may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.  
August 7, 1849. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**  
DEPARTMENT OF THE APPLIED SCIENCES.—The Classes in this Department, including Divinity, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Surveying, Architecture, Manufacturing Art and Machinery, Geometrical Drawing, Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Engineering Workshop, will RE-OPEN on WEDNESDAY, October 3, on which day all Students are required to attend Chapel. New Students must enter on Tuesday, October 2. One Scholarship of 300, and one of 200, each, tenable for two years, will be filled up at Easter next. Full information upon every subject may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.  
August 7, 1849. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.**—The WINTER SESSION 1849-50 will COMMENCE on MONDAY, October 1, on which day all Students are expected to attend the Introductory Lecture, by Dr. Farré, at 7 o'clock.  
The following Courses of Lectures will be given during the Session:—  
ANATOMY, Descriptive and Surgical.—Prof. Richard Partridge, F.R.S. Demonstrators, W. Brinton, M.B., and Henry Kele, F.R.S.  
PHYSIOLOGY AND GENERAL MORBID ANATOMY.—Prof. R. B. Todd, M.D. F.R.S., and W. Bowman, F.R.S.  
CHEMISTRY, Theoretical and Practical.—Prof. W. A. Miller, M.D. F.R.S. Demonstrator, J. E. Bowman.  
PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.—Prof. George Budd, M.D. F.R.S.  
PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF SURGERY.—Prof. William Ferguson, F.R.S.E.

**KING'S COLLEGE, HOSPITAL.**  
The Hospital, containing 120 beds, is visited daily. Clinical Lectures are given every week both by the Physicians and by the Surgeons.  
The Physicians' Assistant and Clinical Clerks, the House Surgeons, and Dressers, are selected by examination from the Students of the Hospital.  
One Scholarship of 400, tenable for three years; one of 300, and one of 200, each, tenable for two years, will be filled up in April next. Full particulars upon every subject may be obtained from Prof. M.D. Dean of the Department; or upon application at the Secretary's Office.  
August 7, 1849. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—MILITARY DEPARTMENT.**—THE CLASSES in this Department, including Divinity, Latin, Ancient and Modern History and Geography, Mathematics and Arithmetic, English Composition, French and German, Military Tactics, Fencing, and Military Drawing, will RE-OPEN on WEDNESDAY, October 3, on which day all Students are required to attend Chapel. New Students must enter on Tuesday, October 2, and must be above the age of 15. The Oriental Languages may be learnt by those intended for the service of the Hon. East India Company. Full information upon every subject may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.  
August 7, 1849. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**  
THE SCHOOL.—THE NEXT TERM will COMMENCE on TUESDAY, September 18, 1849, when New Pupils will be admitted. All Pupils are required to attend Chapel on this day. Two Scholarships of 300, each, for three years; two of 200, one of 100, one of 75, and one of 50, each for two years, will be filled up at Easter next. Full information upon every subject may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.  
August 7, 1849. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

**ROYAL COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY, THE PRACTICAL COURSE OF INSTRUCTION in this INSTITUTION is under the direction of Dr. A. W. HOFMANN, Secretary and Assistant.**  
THE NEXT SESSION will COMMENCE on MONDAY, the 1st of October next, and end on Saturday, the 23rd of February, 1850.

The FEE for Students working every day during the Session, is £15 0 0  
Four days in the week, is 12 0 0  
Three days in the week, is 10 0 0  
Two days in the week, is 7 0 0  
One day in the week, is 5 0 0  
Hours of Attendance from Nine to Five.  
Further particulars may be obtained on application to WILLIAM JOHNSON, Secretary.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.**  
JUNIOR SCHOOL.—Under the Government of the Council of the College. Head Master—THOMAS HEWITT KEY, A.M.  
THE SCHOOL will OPEN on TUESDAY, the 25th of September. The Session is divided into three Terms—viz.: from the 25th of September to Christmas, from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to the 4th of August.  
The yearly payment for each Pupil is 18s., of which 6s. are paid in advance in each Term. The hours of attendance are from a quarter-past nine to three-quarter past three o'clock. The apartments of Wednesday and Saturday are devoted exclusively to Drawing.  
The subjects taught are Reading, Writing, the English, Latin, Greek, French and German Languages, Ancient and English History, Geography, both Physical and Political, Arithmetic and Book-keeping, the Elements of Mathematics and of Natural Philosophy and Drawing.  
Any Pupil may omit Greek, or Greek and Latin, and devote his whole attention to the other branches of Education. There is a general Examination of the Pupils at the end of the Session, and the Prizes are then given.  
The discipline of the School is maintained without corporal punishment.  
A Monthly Report of the conduct of each Pupil is sent to his Parent or Guardian.  
Further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College.  
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

The College Lectures in the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine commence on the 1st of October; those on the Faculty of Arts on the 16th of October.  
18th August, 1849.  
**GUYS.—THE MEDICAL SESSION COMMENCES ON MONDAY, the 1st of October.**  
The Introductory Address will be given by Dr. Addison, at two o'clock.  
Gentlemen who desire to become Students must give satisfactory testimony as to their education and conduct. They are required to pay 40s. for the first year, 40s. for the second year, and 10s. for every succeeding year of attendance.  
The payment for the year admits to the Lectures, Practice, and all the privileges of a Student.  
Doctors, Clinical Clerks, Assistants, and Resident Obstetric Clerks, are selected according to merit from those Students who have attended a second year.  
Mr. SPOONER, Apothecary to Guy's Hospital, is authorised to enter the Names of Students, and to give further particulars if required.

**ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE.**  
THE WINTER SESSION will COMMENCE on MONDAY, October 1st, with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Dr. FARRÉ, at 7 o'clock, P.M.  
LECTURES.  
MEDICINE.—Dr. Burrows.  
SURGERY.—Mr. Lawrence.  
DESCRIPTIVE ANATOMY.—Mr. Skey.  
PHYSIOLOGY AND MORBID ANATOMY.—Mr. Paget.  
SUPERINTENDENCE OF DISSECTIONS.—Mr. Holden and Mr. Cooke.  
DEMONSTRATIONS OF MORBID ANATOMY.—Dr. Kirkes.  
CHEMISTRY.—Mr. Griffiths.  
SUMMER SESSION, 1850, Commencing MAY 1st.  
MATERIA MEDICA.—Dr. Roupell.  
BOTANY.—Dr. F. Farré.  
FORENSIC MEDICINE.—Dr. Baly.  
MIDWIFERY.—Dr. West.  
COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.—Mr. McWhinnie.  
PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—Mr. Griffiths.

HOSPITAL PRACTICE.—The Hospital contains 500 Beds, and relief is afforded to 70,000 Patients annually. The In-patients are visited daily by the Physicians and Surgeons; and, during the Summer session, four Clinicians are appointed to visit those on the medical cases by Dr. Roupell and Dr. Burrows; those on the surgical cases by Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Lloyd. The Out-patients are attended daily by the Assistant-Physicians and Assistant-Surgeons.  
COLLEGIATE ESTABLISHMENT.—Warden, Mr. Paget. Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the rules of the Collegiate system, established under the direction of the Treasurer and a Committee of Governors of the Hospital. Some of the Teachers and other Gentlemen connected with the Hospital also reside with the students.

SCHOLARSHIPS, PRIZES, &c.—At the end of the Winter Session examinations will be held for a Scholarship of the value of 400 a year, and tenable for three years. The examinations of the Classes for Prizes and Certificates of Merit, will take place at the same time.  
Further information may be obtained from the Medical or Surgical Officers or Lecturers, or at the Anatomical Museum or Library.

**WHITTINGTON CLUB and METROPOLITAN ATHENÆUM, 189, Strand.—ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT, September 10th, Mr. FREDERICK WARREN, of Manchester, will deliver the FIRST of a COURSE of FOUR LECTURES, ON THE COTTON TRADE and MANUFACTURE, including the PROCESSES of BLEACHING, DYEING, and CALICO PRINTING, to be illustrated by a series of working models of the most improved machines used in the manufacture of cotton cloth, and the different manufacturing processes gone through systematically from the raw cotton to the loom. For this purpose the series of working models will be set in motion by steam power, and their operations popularly explained.**

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X. Power Loom.  
XI. Cylinder Calico Printing Machine.  
XII. A Portable Steam Engine.

Together with an appropriate Apparatus for illustrating the processes of Bleaching, Dyeing, and Printing.  
To commence at eight o'clock. Admission to Members free, on producing their cards of membership; Non-Members, 1s.

**PICTURES, CABINETS, CARVINGS, ORGANS, and ARTICLES OF TASTE, from Store, Lady Blessington's, Aston Hall, Willow Bank, &c.—Mr. WALESBY respectfully informs the Nobility and Gentry that he has removed his Collection to No. 18, Old Bond-street.**

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**BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.—THE NEXT MEETING will be held at BIRMINGHAM, and will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 15th of SEPTEMBER.**  
JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S. General Treasurer.  
2, Duke-street, Adelphi.

**HYDE PARK COLLEGE, for LADIES.**  
The COURSES of LECTURES commenced on the 30th of July. Terms for Resident and Daily Pupils to be learned at the Ladies attending the Lectures only to pay a fee of One Guinea per Course.—Address Mrs. KELSO, 82, Oxford-terrace.

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**FINSBURY CHAPEL, SOUTH-PLACE.—The Rev. NEWENHAM TRAVERS, B.A., late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, will on SUNDAY NEXT, September 9, deliver a LECTURE on LATIMER and RIDLEY, being the Third of a Course on the English Ecclesiastical Reformers.—The Fourth Lecture, on CRANMER, will be delivered on the following Sunday, September 16.—Service will commence at half-past 11 precisely.**

**UNDERCLIFF, ISLE of WIGHT.—INVALIDS** purposing to pass the ensuing winter in this mild and salubrious climate may be accommodated in the house of a Physician, who receives a few patients of a select description (not in an advanced stage of disease, nor requiring extraordinary attention) into his family circle. To the consumptively disposed the house possesses advantages, in construction and situation, unequalled; and to those who set a value on religious privilege, congenial sentiments would be met with.—For terms, &c. address M.D., Post-office, Ventnor, I.W.

**VENTNOR, in the ISLE of WIGHT, so** justly esteemed for the mildness of its climate, as the gem of the Undercliff and the Madeira of England,—having been free from sickness during the present prevailing epidemic, and being replete with every accommodation, offers a desirable Winter retreat for Invalids and others.—Particulars of Furnished Houses and Apartments to be let for the season may be obtained, free of charge, on application to C. H. BULL, House Agent, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

**BADEN-BADEN.**—The delightful valley of Baden is at length restored to its pleasures. This watering place, already so renowned, presents at this moment the most animated appearance,—the villas, and even the cottages, scarcely afford sufficient accommodation for the multitudes of distinction who congregate from all parts of Europe. The Railway, which unites Baden with France and Switzerland, brings a numerous and select company, who assemble here to enjoy the many and varied charms of a quiet and tranquil life.  
The Fêtes, the Concerts, and the Balls have never been better attended. The beautiful valley of Lichtenau is covered with numerous parties of equestrians and splendid equipages, and the sounds of music enliven the promenade, and add their attractions to the scene.  
An amusement, unknown in the other watering places of Germany, has been created by the erection of an Amphitheatre.  
To complete this elegant programme, it is only necessary to add that preparations are being made, as in former years, for Hunting Parties, on a scale of magnificence which will form an appropriate termination to this brilliant season.

**THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CLXXXII.—ADVERTISEMENTS** intended for insertion are requested to be forwarded to the Publishers before Thursday, the 27th, and BILLS by Saturday, the 29th inst.  
London: Longman & Co., 39, Paternoster-row.

**THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CLXX.**  
—ADVERTISEMENTS for the forthcoming Number must be forwarded to the Publisher by the 24th, and BILLS for insertion by the 26th inst.  
John Murray, Albemarle-street.

**WESTMINSTER and FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.—BILLS and ADVERTISEMENTS** for the forthcoming Number should be sent, on or before the 25th inst., to GEO. LUXFORD, Publisher, 1, Whitefriars-street, Fleet-street.

**WESTERTON'S ENGLISH and FOREIGN LIBRARY and NEWSPAPER OFFICE, removed from Park-street to No. 99, St. George's-place between Wilson-place and the late Chinese Exhibition, Knightbridge, famed for abundant supplies of New and Standard Works in the English, French, German, and Italian languages, and the immense amount of its subscription, Layard's 'Nineveh,' Macaulay's 'England,' Campbell's 'Lives of the Chancellors,' and every work of similar interest in all departments of Literature, may be read in succession by a single subscription of One Guinea per annum.—Book Club, Family, and Literary Society Subscriptions on equally moderate terms.**

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ALEXANDER BEATTIE, Secretary.  
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OFFICES, 3, OLD BROAD STREET, CITY, LONDON.

**BUILDINGS and MONUMENTS,**  
MODERN and MEDÆVAL.  
Edited by GEO. GODWIN, F.R.S.  
Fellow of the Institute of Architects; Corresponding Member of several Societies.

Part III. of this work, price 2s. 6d., is now ready, and contains Views of Rodin Chapel, near Edinburg; New Church at Homerton, Middlesex; the Entrance to Royal Botanical Gardens, Kew; The New Palm Stove; Bridgewater House, London, with altered plan; Sir Benjamin Heywood's New Bank, Manchester; Fly Cathedral, East End; the Théâtre Historique, Paris; Sir Robert Peel's Picture Gallery; with descriptive letterpress, and numerous details.

Parts I. and II. may now be had, Office of 'The Builder,' 2, York street, Covent-garden.

**'BLANCHE and LISETTE,'** the new Ballad by the Author and Composer of 'Jennette and Jeanette.'—Miss Poole introduced a new Ballad, 'Blanche and Lisette,' by Glover; it is an excellent song, and was well sung. Some three years ago, we predicted success for the famous 'Conscript Songs'; we were right: wherever the English language is spoken, there the 'Jennette' songs are sung, and we expect that the same good fortune awaits 'Blanche and Lisette,' for the melody is extremely pretty, quaint, and original, and the poetry has that 'touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.' Post free 2s. London: Charles & Jeffrey, 21, Soho-square.

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Or, Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Art.

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Amongst the numerous societies existing in this country for the encouragement of literary and scientific pursuits, none has as yet been established for facilitating the study of Art. The present seems not an unfavourable period for supplying the deficiency. Many indications may be observed of a more general interest in the creations of Art, and an increasing sense of its universal range and power. To render this feeling an agent of real benefit to the public, and, through them, to Art itself, it is essential that it be not misdirected for want of instruction. The materials for such instruction are abundant, but are scattered, little accessible, and in some instances, passing away. Of the frescoes of Giotto, Fra Angelico, Ghirlandajo, much which has never been delineated, nor even properly described, is rapidly perishing. With a view to preserve some record of works, valuable alike as monuments in the history of painting, and as exponents of its highest motives, and to render them more generally known than could be effected by the publications of private individuals, the Arundel Society has been founded. A council of sixteen Members, three of whom will retire in rotation every year in favour of three elected at a general meeting of the Subscribers, will superintend the business of the Society, and determine on works for publication, as the funds in hand may, from time to time, admit. Such works will be of two classes: the first literary; the second consisting of engravings from important examples of Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, or Ornamental Design; in the selection of which, attention will be directed rather to their instructiveness, than to their immediate popularity, whilst, in their execution, that manner will be preferred which most truthfully expresses the original, rather than that which presents the greatest attractions to the eye. A copy of each publication will be delivered to every annual Subscriber of One guinea.

In inviting such subscriptions, the Council think it right to point out, that their primary object is the service of a cause of public interest, to which the advantages offered to individuals must be a secondary consideration. Although they hope to be enabled, by applying the whole net income to the purposes of the intended publications, to present in due time to each subscriber an adequate return for his subscription, yet no positive engagement can be given either as to the pecuniary value of such publications, or the period of their distribution.

An account of the expenditure of the current year will be annually furnished. Subscribers will be responsible only for the amount of their subscriptions, and may at any time withdraw on giving six months' notice; in default of which, their subscriptions will be considered due on the 1st of May in each year.

Messrs. CURTIS & Co. are the Bankers of the Society. Its office is at Messrs. P. & D. COLNAGHI & Co.'s 13 & 14, Pall Mall East, where all contributions should be paid, or to which they should be remitted by Post-office order, addressed to the Secretary, and made payable to him at the Post-office.

Charing Cross. Subscribers are also requested to give directions for forwarding the publications to which they will become entitled.

Arrangements have now been made for producing—

A new Translation of Vasari's Life of Fra Angelico, illustrated with Outlines of his principal Works, and a Selection from the Notes of the Italian and German editions.  
An Engraving after one of the same Artist's Frescoes in the Chapel of Nicholas V. in the Vatican.

Amongst the undertakings contemplated for some future period may be mentioned—  
Translations of further portions of Vasari, with similar Illustrations and Notes.  
The publication of some unedited MSS. existing in Continental Libraries, and in our own.

Engravings of the following Works of Art:—

The Cathedral of Orvieto, its Architecture, Sculptures, and Fresco Paintings.  
The Architecture and Sculpture of the Spina Chapel at Pisa; and the Pulpit by Niccolò Pisano, in S. Andrea, at Pistoia.

The Church of S. Francesco, at Assisi, its Architecture, principal Frescoes, and other Decorations.  
The Frescoes of Giotto in the Arena Chapel, at Padua.

Those of Benozzo Gozzoli, in the Chapel of the Riccardi Palace, at Florence.  
Those of Agnolo Gaddi, and Filippo Lippi, in the Chapel of the Sacra Cintola, in the Duomo at Prato.

The Works of Giovanni Bellini, in the Churches of S. Zaccaria, the Redentore, S. Giovanni Crisostomo, and the Friari at Venice.  
A Selection from the unpublished works of William of Cologne, Van Eyck, Memling, &c. May, 1849.

The Council take the opportunity of inviting further Subscriptions, as the powers of the Society, and the advantages resulting to the Subscribers, of course, are co-extensive with the amount of funds contributed.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1849.

## REVIEWS

On the Mode of Communication of Cholera. By John Snow, M.D. Churchill.

History of the Cholera in Exeter. By Thomas Shapter, M.D. Churchill.

Report on the Epidemic Cholera in the Presidency of Fort St. George. By William Scott. Murray.

An Inquiry into the Bearing of the Earliest Cases of Cholera which occurred in London during the Present Epidemic. By E. A. Parkes, M.D. 'British and Foreign Medical-Chirurgical Review.'

Diet and Cholera. By W. B. Boddy, Surgeon. Higley.

Biological, Pathological and Therapeutical Reflections on Asiatic Cholera. By A. Henriques, M.D. Baillière.

The Best Preparation for the Cholera. By a Clergyman. Darling.

Births and Deaths in London. Report of the Registrar-General.

Report of the General Board of Health up to July 1849.

THE above titles indicate a few only of the many works which have been called out in anticipation and in presence of the terrible enemy against whom we are now fighting in our homes and streets.

In the history of epidemics there are few instances in which two distinct attacks of the same disease have pursued a course so directly analogous as in those of the several cholera visitations in Europe of 1831-2-3 and 1847-8-9. So remarkable has been the correspondence, that in many instances the epidemic has broken out at the two periods in nearly the same month of the year, in the same places,—sometimes within a few days of the same date. The following table will give some idea of the uniformity of its progress at the two periods as to time.—

	1830.	1847.
appeared at St. Petersburg .....	Sept. 6	July 16
— Nov. Tcherkosc .....	10	— 30
— Taganrog .....	Oct. 8	Aug. 15
— 1831.		
— Kren .....	Jan. 8	Aug. 5
— Tiflis .....	May 5	June 5
— Astrachan .....	June 21	July 31
— Kasan .....	Sept. 17	Oct. 4
— 1848.		
— Petersburg .....	June 25	June 16
— Berlin .....	Aug. 31	Aug. 15
— Great Britain .....	Oct.	Oct.

After having existed in the northern parts of Great Britain during the winter of 1831—as it has done during the winter of 1848,—it appeared in London in February, 1832. This year it has appeared in London somewhat later: but these dates suffice generally to show a regularity of its course—and indicate how similar must be the agencies at work in the case of the two several visitations.

Not only has the course pursued by these two epidemics been remarkably alike—but the numbers of their victims severally in the various cities of Europe, as far as has at present been ascertained, have been nearly the same. The Russian returns for the deaths in proportion to the population were in 1831 as 1 to 19·6—in 1847 as 1 to 19·9. In Paris the deaths in 1832 were 14,503—in 1848-9 they were 15,196. The epidemic has not yet ceased in Paris:—and the increased numbers are to be set down to increase of population. In 1831-2 the number of deaths in London was said to be 5·273; but on account of the imperfect mode of registration adopted at that time, we may fairly estimate them at 7·500. Up to this time the deaths in London have been 9,000: a number greater

than that which died altogether in the previous attack,—and this in eight weeks only, whilst the first visitation extended over a period of eighteen months.

A question of interest, then, arises here,—as to the influence of sanitary arrangements on this disease. From the statements made by most writers on cholera, it seems ascertained beyond a doubt that where it once becomes epidemic, the fatality is greatest in those towns or places of towns where there is most deficiency in the sanitary conditions. The evidence of Indian surgeons shows that in the dirtiest and most unhealthily-situated towns, villages, and barracks, the inhabitants and soldiers suffered most. In our own country cholera has been found to be most fatal in ill-cleaned, overcrowded, badly ventilated, and undrained districts, lanes, alleys, courts, and houses, in London and other large towns. It may, then, be reasoned that—other things being equal—in towns and cities where the sanitary arrangements remain the same, the mortality would be about the same during the prevalence of the two epidemics,—that where the sanitary condition of a place has been improved, there the disease will have proved less fatal,—and that where such condition has become deteriorated, the disease will have been there more severe. Of the first proposition St. Petersburg and Paris appear to furnish examples; of the second, we may quote as an instance Hamburg, where, owing to the improved sanitary arrangements of the parts of the town which were rebuilt after the Great Fire, the cholera appears to have been much less severe during the present than during the former epidemic; of the third proposition, London, we fear, presents an unfortunate example.

This is a startling fact—and one that demands the most serious attention.—Few cities in the world have increased in population with the rapidity of London since the last visitation of cholera. In 1831 the population of London was 1,375,237,—in 1849 it is calculated to be at least 2,200,000. We have no hesitation in saying that our sanitary arrangements in London have not kept pace with the increase of population; and that to this we may attribute the larger mortality from cholera on the present occasion. Very much has been talked of late about the public health,—but little or nothing has been done for the cause. If the cholera could be successfully assailed by rhetoric, we should have another tale to tell of its march through our streets. But the attempts at legislation on the subject have been so puerile and weak—the Boards and Commissions appointed by Government are so destitute of either moral influence or legal power—that we can give the Government little credit for any measures of national defence against this formidable foe. We can now only hope that the increased fatality will at length open the eyes of the country to the dangers which it undergoes from the want of efficient sanitary arrangements—and to the necessity of far more comprehensive, practical, and energetic measures than any that have been yet adopted. The Registrar General speaks in a passage of his Report, which we quoted last week [*ante*, p. 893], of the subtle and powerful machinery employed to detect the destroyers of a single life,—while, at the same time, hundreds—nay thousands—of lives are sacrificed to a disease arising from removable causes, and scarcely a serious effort is made to arrest the wholesale destroyer. History will look back and wonder that a people and a Government amongst whom there was a clear knowledge of certain potent causes of death,

and of the means for their removal, should have quietly acquiesced in the enormous sacrifice now hourly going on. We repeat, however, our hope that this sacrifice will not be without its resulting gain,—that this very excess of evil will generate good,—that the lives now lost will be the seed of a great future preservation. A new department of police should be instituted. An organization is wanted, consisting partly of intelligent medical men, having power to appoint inspectors of nuisances, and to arrest the sources of disease in its earliest stages. The preservation of life from disease is surely as much the function of civil government as the protection of life from violence or of property from fraud. Such an institution should have a general and authoritative superintendence over all works of sewage and drainage necessary for removing filth from towns—over the construction of houses—the locality of trades and occupations injurious to health—the ventilation of public buildings—the supply of water—and the removal of whatever sources of disease have up to the present time been permitted to exist. There are certain potent weapons now deliberately forged for the use of the Destroyer whose manufacture no vested interests should be allowed to protect for another hour. There are emergencies before which all ordinary rules give way—times when conventional rights must yield to a higher natural right. Government must step in when the lives of its sons are threatened by wholesale, even if it break down a fence or two to save them. An Order in Council should instantly put a stop to the abomination of burial within the streets of towns—the loathsome modern Mezentian practice of mixing together the living and the dead. For any vested rights attacked let there be fair compensation hereafter—but do not wait to assess it now! Do not pause for a protracted inquiry as to particular claims till the victims whom cholera has already made shall have avenged the national neglect under which they perished by the fresh victims which they shall make. The Ghoul of old story fed in churchyards on the dead:—the dead in our graveyards of to-day are feeding on the living. We paid liberally for delivering the foreign slave from bondage: and the money will not be grudged that is paid for delivering our own people from death—if it be paid in time.

The history of cholera and the consideration of the means for its prevention lead necessarily to an inquiry as to its nature. When the disease first appeared in Europe it was regarded as contagious:—as a disease exclusively propagated in the human body, and susceptible of transmission by contact of the body diseased or of things which it had touched with another body. So strongly was this view entertained, that the Board of Health in London, consisting of some of the most eminent medical men of the day, issued a code of regulations insisting on the most rigid measures for the purpose of suppressing what they considered the spread of the contagion. We give an abstract of these regulations from Dr. Shapter's interesting book on the history of the cholera at Exeter.—

"That in order to the separation of the sick, houses for their reception should be procured, but that in case they shall refuse to be removed, 'a conspicuous mark ('Sick') should be placed in front of the house, to warn persons that it is in quarantine; and even when persons with the disease shall have been removed, and the house shall have been purified, the word ('Caution') should be substituted, as denoting suspicion of the disease; and the inhabitants of such house should not be at liberty to move out or communicate with other persons until by the authority of the local Board the mark shall have been removed.' That houses, where it has occurred,



should be purified, as also the goods, for the effecting of which the means are detailed; some of these latter are directed to be burnt. General cleanliness is much inculcated. Detached burying-grounds are to be provided, and the 'nurses should live apart from the rest of the community.' Where removal of the sick from the healthy cannot be effected, all unnecessary communication should be avoided 'with the public out of doors; all articles of food, or other necessities required by the family, should be placed in front of the house, and received by one of the inhabitants of the house, after the person delivering them shall have retired.' Convalescents, and those who have had any communication with the sick, should be kept 'under observation' at least twenty days; and the reporting of the occurrence of the disease enjoined. All intercourse with any infected town is to be prevented. And if necessary, 'troops, or a strong body of police,' may be used for this purpose."

The present Board of Health repudiates the doctrine of contagion altogether:—setting up the doctrine of anti-contagion somewhat hastily as a direct antithesis to the old unreasonable doctrine of the contagionists.—Both are probably wrong in their extreme positions.

Nothing has perhaps more decidedly marked the advance of philosophical inquiry amongst physiologists and pathologists in our day than the cautious manner in which medical men speak of the contagiousness or non-contagiousness of cholera. The fact is, these terms have not always been adopted on purely scientific grounds. The question has had its political aspects:—and these have more influence on its discussion even now than the parties to the argument are perhaps aware. The quarantine institutions, founded on the supposition of the absolute contagiousness of such diseases as plague and cholera, have been found very convenient by despotic governments for carrying out other objects than that of preservation from disease. Hence, contagion has been the favourite theory of arbitrary States and of the medical officers whom they have employed. On the other hand, quarantine regulations are formidable barriers to trade, and produce vexatious interruptions to social and commercial intercourse. Hence, in commercial nations like our own there is a tendency to believe in non-contagion. The present Board of Health, the offspring of a free-trade government and composed in great part of non-medical men, illustrates the doctrines of the party from whom it holds its charge,—and has committed itself to the commercial assumption of the absolute non-contagiousness of cholera.

We cannot attempt to discuss the question of contagion here; but we may state that the works now before us—especially that of Dr. Scott—contain much evidence to support the position that under certain circumstances cholera is a contagious disease,—that is, a disease which is capable of generating in the human body the germs that, introduced into another human body, may produce the disease again. On the other side of the question we may quote the Report of Dr. Parkes on the first cases of cholera that appeared in London; in which he shows how difficult it is to account for these cases on the supposition of the necessity for the existence of a specific poison. In the absence of any definite proof of the existence of a poison, Dr. Parkes refers the disease to some atmospheric condition produced by electrical action. If the question were really between a specific poison whose existence is strongly borne out by analogy with such diseases as small-pox, scarlet fever, &c. and some unknown atmospheric poison,—we should hesitate to say that the weight of evidence is not in favour of the former. But the question seems to us to have been argued on too narrow grounds. The demon-

stration of either a poison or a peculiar atmospheric condition alone is not sufficient to account for the phenomena. Thus, we find that the poison of the small-pox constantly exists in London,—but it is only at certain times that it has a tendency to spread so as to produce an epidemic. So with peculiar atmospheric conditions. Referring to the views of Mr. Hunt which we published last week [*ante*, p. 885]—in order to prove that the absence of ozone in the atmosphere stands in the relation of *vera causa* to cholera, this disease should be shown as constantly appearing where ozone is deficient,—and disappearing where that agent is supplied. This demands an accumulation of facts ere it could be wise to act on such an assumption. We may add, that the slow march of cholera round the world renders improbable its dependence on meteorological changes alone,—these being so rapid in their accomplishment, and passing through a complete cycle at least once in twelve months. As for electrical and galvanic agencies, they should not be alluded to as causes in these matters until there shall be some better established data of relation between them and the health of the human body. It is not improbable that the valuable Reports of the Registrar-General, combined with such researches as those which have been published on the physical phenomena of living beings by Prof. Matteucci, may one day enable some far-seeing philosopher to point out relations of importance between the air and the human body:—but at present it is premature to speculate on such.

Yet, the phenomena of cholera do not seem inexplicable. Grant the existence of a poison, which is borne out by analogy,—then its mysterious march is not more difficult to explain than is that of small-pox or of scarlet fever. In order to produce disease these poisons need two conditions:—a favouring atmosphere and a predisposed body. The states of the atmosphere favouring the distribution of poisons are much better understood than the nature of the poisons themselves. A high temperature and an atmosphere surcharged with moisture and with animal and vegetable exhalations are almost essential to the diffusion of epidemic poisons. But contagious diseases wear out in a population even when the poison is still abundant and the atmospheric conditions favourable:—why? Because another condition is necessary to their maintenance,—that is, that persons be predisposed to the disease. Now, it is not all persons that will take the same disease. Some will take small-pox—others scarlet fever—others again measles. Only a certain number in any community, however unhealthy, are predisposed to particular diseases:—hence, the time comes, in the worst supposable instances, when all capable of receiving the disease have been attacked,—and a natural termination to the epidemic ensues.—We must leave to those who have followed us thus far the application of these facts to the case of cholera: and without claiming for them anything like an explanation of the difficulties of the question, we offer them as contributions towards the solution of the problem of the agencies by which cholera is propagated.

Admitting our theory,—the source of the poison of cholera is still unexplained. Whether exclusively propagated in the human body, or exclusively by germs out of the body, or in both ways, are questions still frequently decided less by evidence than by prejudice. The pamphlet of Dr. Snow contains a curious train of evidence to show that the germs of cholera poison are produced upon the surface of the mucous membrane, and conveyed by drains, sewers, &c. into water which, being taken, produces the disease.

At the same time, there are many facts which favour the notion of the production and propagation of the poison by combinations of organic matter independent of the human frame.

With regard to the treatment of cholera, all the above considerations show how far we are yet from the possibility of any specific prescription. We will only warn our readers against the published remedies of the newspaper press. The manner in which these dangerous weapons have been distributed to the public in the columns of certain journals illustrates one serious evil of the huge sheet. In times of dearth from the failure of their appointed food, the columns of a newspaper cannot be sufficiently fed on huge vegetable marrows, monstrous pikes, and preposterous turnips. The Bermondsey murder and the cholera have furnished the needed resources to these establishments,—and have been eagerly seized upon without reference to the mischievous character of the food. The public health, moral and physical, is seriously compromised that the public press may thrive. In the one case the readers of the daily sheets have been most unwholesomely—in the other most dangerously—supplied. Nowhere has the cholera raged with such virulence as in the columns of certain morning papers.—We say with confidence that of all the empirical remedies that we have seen recommended in cholera, not one is supported by a number of facts sufficiently large to be of any value whatever. In order to establish the worth of one remedy over another, or of one system of treatment above another, identical facts must be brought together through a long series—a series long enough to correct the almost innumerable disturbing causes that occur between the administration of a remedy and its action upon a diseased frame.—In the mean time, whilst the medical man is waiting for the results of experience in particular diseases, his experience in the action of remedies for diseases presenting analogous symptoms lays the sure foundation for the most successful practice. The treatment of this disease can be safe only in the hands of the well-educated and intelligent practitioner.

*The Island of Cuba: its Resources, Progress, and Prospects, considered in Relation especially to the Influence of its Prosperity on the Interests of the British West India Colonies.* By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. Gilpin.

A more than ordinary interest attaches at the present moment to the island of Cuba:—that which gives dignity in most cases to a probable victim. The American Eagle has it within its swoop. The Stars are ready to arise and the *Stripes* to descend upon it. To speak plainly, Cuba is evidently the next point of attack for those western republicans whose constitution declares that all men are born free and equal, and whose policy is professedly that of peace and good-will to nations. Even before their recent exploits in Texas, Mexico and California, the fate of the "chief jewel in the crown of Spain" was decided. By cession or revolution—with or without the consent of the mother country—its annexation was regarded by the men of the South as an event which must take place at no distant period: and with a view to hastening the crisis, measures were taken which would have delighted a Grecian statesman,—and been denounced as Machiavellian in any nation of modern Europe. But the genuine Yankee is no more ashamed of his country's "smartness" than a Spartan would have been of his "craft": and so that he can contrive to "annex" the universe, he cares not whether it be done by force or by guile. The mania for territorial aggression which seems to possess our transatlantic cousins is one of the worst of the omens



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that cloud the future prospects of mankind. The fever appears only to "grow by what it feeds on." Copious draughts that should cool it become stimulants. California, Texas, Oregon, fail to content the thirst for acquisition. The worst feature in the case is this: the disease is not confined to the government of the hour,—it is deeply seated in the heart and brain of the people. So bent are they on seizing Cuba, that the Government can hardly keep them in check until the politic moment shall have come for the "acquisition." The latest despatches from Washington contain a proclamation by the President of the Republic, in which the fact is officially announced that private parties are fitting out in the ports of the Union an armament to conquer or revolutionize Cuba—to compel it to separate from Spain and join the States. The project is disavowed by the central power: and the men who may be engaged in it are warned that Spain is in friendly relation with their country. In case of persistence in their criminal intention they are threatened—with arrest and condign punishment?—No; but with being left to shift for themselves should they miscarry!

For more than a dozen years the Yankees have laid themselves out to make a party in Cuba:—and if we may credit Dr. Madden, and the statements of still more recent visitors, they have largely succeeded. The Spaniards are poor—the Americans rich. The mere settlement of the latter race in the island brought with it a flood-tide of material prosperity. Estates "went up" in the market,—and many of them passed into American hands. These latter have introduced a new order of civilization into Cuba. They have made new roads—and no less than ten lines of railway. They have carried with them all the arts and appliances of trade: new conveyances, new mills, newspapers, and habits of reading and discussion. All this was for good—had this been all: but the teaching of the newspapers and the quality of the discussion have to be taken into account. They have taught the natives that Cuba must depend for its prosperity on the continuance of slavery,—on its being able to produce sugar on lower terms than the Jamaica planter who must employ free labour—and that the American Union is the only nation in the world which can permanently secure to them this great blessing! Slavery has been abolished in civilized Europe:—that it cannot long exist in colonies subject to European rule is a corollary apparent to all who reason. If Cuba wishes to maintain her property in human life, she must enter the union of the States. The world is growing super-refined:—but the Yankee sticks to his shrewdness. His will soon be the only human shambles.

But Spain has reasons of her own for resisting the spoliation of her chief colony in the name and cause of the flesh-market. First, it is from Cuba that the *hidalgo* gets his cigars. Without the soothing influence of the "gentle Havana" his blue blood would be unable to keep its accustomed course. The cigar is to him meat, drink and lodging. No minister in the *Escorial* would dare to face the Cortes with a proposition for the surrender of the tobacco grounds. This is the public reason. There is a private one of equal weight. Queen Christina and her offspring have a settlement—in common it must be said with a large suite of creditors—upon the revenues of the island: and she is not a lady, the world knows, to surrender a penny of her *pin-money* if she could protect it by setting the world in flames.

A curious state of things has arisen in the course of the gradual Americanization of the island. The Spaniards, with shortsighted in-

tolerance, had a law by which no alien could settle in Cuba. When the Yankees came, the law did not recognize them—and did not offer them its protection. For this they cared nothing—as by their wit or by their wealth they felt quite equal to their own defence. But as the law ignored their existence, they escaped the heavy burdens to which natives were subject; and this freedom from taxation tempted great numbers of their countrymen to immigrate,—so that some districts have already more of an English than of a Spanish appearance.

Dr. Madden's little book is of use rather as calling attention to a subject of interest than as being a satisfactory exposition of it. His opportunities of gaining information are said to have been good; but his materials are very fragmentary and ill put together. On one point, however, his personal experience serves to correct an error very generally prevailing in Europe, and put forth not long ago on high authority, (that of M. de Tocqueville)—to the effect that slavery in the Spanish colonies has a peculiar character of mildness. This delusion Dr. Madden explodes. Let us listen to one or two of his "cases in point."

"During General Tacon's administration of the government in the latter part of the year 1837, in the village of Guanabacoa, a league from the Havana, where I was then residing, the murder of a slave was perpetrated by his master, a well-known lawyer of the Havana, whose name I consider it my duty to make known, and as far as lies in my power to expose it to the infamy of a notoriety, which it is not in the power of the shackled press of Cuba to give to it, but which I have reason to believe the press of Spain will give to these disclosures; so that the reprobation of his countrymen will reach this gentleman, whom the laws he outraged were unable to reach or punish. The name of the murderer is Machado, and he moves without reproach in the goodly circles of genteel society at Havana, in that society where the capitalist, who has acquired his riches in the abominable slave-trade, by the especial favour of his sovereign bears the title of '*Excelentísimo*,'—where the prosperous dealer in human flesh, now retired from the trade, is a noble of the land—where the foreign merchant, who still pursues the profitable traffic on the coast, is the boon companion of the commercial magnates of the place—and where the agents of foreign governments themselves are hailed as the private protectors and avowed well-wishers of the interests of the trade. The murdered slave of the lawyer Machado was suspected of stealing some plated ornaments belonging to the harness of his master; the man denied the charge; the customary process in such matters, to extort a confession from a suspected slave, was had recourse to. He was put down and flogged in the presence of his master. The flogging, it appeared by the sworn testimony of the witnesses who were present, given before the commandant of Guanabacoa, a colonel in the army, a gentleman of the highest character, commenced at three o'clock—it ceased at six, the man having literally died under the lash; a little time before the man expired, he had strength enough left to cry out he would confess if they would flog no more. The master immediately sent for the commissary of police to receive his confession; this officer came, and stooping down to speak to the man, he found him motionless; he said, the man had fainted. The brutal master kicked the lifeless body, saying, 'the dog was in no faint, he was shamming.' The commissary stooped down again, examined the body, and replied, 'the man is dead.' The master hereupon called in two physicians of Guanabacoa, and rightly counting on the sympathies of his professional attendants, he obtained a medical certificate, solemnly declaring that the negro had laboured under hernia, and had died of that disease. In the meantime, the atrocity had reached the ears of the Captain-general Tacon, and the *alcaldes* of Guanabacoa were ordered to inquire into the matter; they did so, and the result of the inquiry was, of course, the exculpation of the murderer. General Tacon, dissatisfied with the decision, immediately ordered the military officer commanding at Guanabacoa to proceed to a solemn investigation,

*de novo*, without reference to the decision of the civil authorities, and this gentleman, with whom I was well acquainted, proceeded, with all the energy and integrity belonging to him, to the inquiry. The result of this inquiry was an able report, wherein the commandant declared that the testimony adduced, plainly proved that the negro had died under the lash, in presence of his master, in consequence of the severity of the punishment he received during three hours. I have entered at large into this case, because I speak from actual knowledge of the judicial proceedings, and from the authority of the judge in the cause. Now, what was the result of this case? Why, in due time, the captain-general communicates to the commandant the law opinion of the assessor or legal adviser of his administration, to the effect, that the report was evidently erroneous, inasmuch as the commandant had examined negro witnesses on the investigation, when their masters were not present, which was illegal, and consequently all the proceedings were vitiated. In plain English, the murderer was acquitted, and the upright officer who declared him guilty was rebuked; nay more, he was ultimately removed from his post at Guanabacoa. The folly of talking about illegality in the proceedings is evident, when it is considered that the setting aside the civil authorities, and putting the cause in the hands of the military tribunal, was a course obviously illegal, but rendered necessary, in the mind of the governor, by the base corruption of the civil tribunal, and the iniquity of its decision. On inquiry into the amount of money paid by Machado, in the way of bribes, to obtain the decision in his favour, and the costs of suit, I found that the expenses amounted to 4000 dollars. \* \*

"The last case of murder, perpetrated on a slave by a white person, to which I will refer, took place at the Havana in the last year. This crime was committed by an American woman on a poor negro girl, under such horrible circumstances of cold-blooded cruelty, that I doubt if there is any parallel to be found to it in the records of crime in Cuba. The girl that was murdered belonged to a Spaniard of the Havana, who was the paramour of the American. This woman was possessed of property to a considerable amount. She had been long resident in Havana, and was somewhat remarkable for her personal attractions. Her friend, the Spaniard, had sent to her house one of his slaves to assist her, and this girl became the victim of her jealousy, it is supposed—for no other adequate reason has been assigned for the cruelties practised on her. The cries of the unfortunate girl had been heard in the adjoining houses; at length the usual screams were heard no longer, but night after night the sounds of continued moaning were noticed by the neighbours, and at length they gave information of the matter to the police. The commissary of police proceeded to the house of the American lady. On searching the out-houses in the yard, in one of these offices, converted into a dungeon, they found a dying negro girl, chained by the middle to the wall, in a state that shocked the senses of all who were present,—so loathsome and withal so pitiful an object the persons who discovered this unfortunate girl never beheld. On releasing her from this dreadful dungeon, where she had been she could not tell how long, it was found that the chain round her body had eaten into the flesh, and the ulcers in it were in a state of gangrene. She was taken to the hospital, and she died there in two or three days' time. If I have added one iota to the truth, or exaggerated a single point in the statement I have given, I am content that every fact I have stated should be disbelieved; but, in truth, the horrors of the place, and the wretchedness of the condition in which she was found, are understated. In fact, they could not be described. The monster who committed this murder, when I left the island of Cuba, was alive and well; in prison, indeed, but in one of the halls of distinction (*salas de distincion*) where the prisoner who has money, no matter what his crime, may always obtain superior accommodation. She was visited frequently by persons of my acquaintance. She did not admit that she had committed any crime, and she had no fear for the result of the process that was going on, except on the score of its expense. She looked on her imprisonment as a conspiracy only of the Spanish lawyers to get money from her, because they knew she was rich; and in

this she probably was not much mistaken. The Teniente Gobernador, one of the principal officers of State, was in the habit of visiting her in prison, and encouraging her with the assurance that her suit would speedily be terminated, and that she had nothing worse than banishment to fear. A lawyer of the name of Garcia had defended her, some short time before her committal on the present charge, in another case of cruelty practised by her on a slave, and he publicly boasted that if she had come forward in the present case with a sufficient sum, he would have brought her through her present difficulty without any more inconvenience than in the former instance. Such is the administration of justice in the island of Cuba, and the execution of those laws which are thought so mild in their character, and benevolent in their principles, that the slave who lives under them is protected from injustice, and in consequence of their excellence the negroes in the Spanish colonies are comparatively happy.\*

With all the faults of the civilization amid which we live, it is one result and proof of its comparative purity that we read such accounts as these, even when well authenticated, with a feeling of incredulity or at the least a sense of exaggeration.

We will add one short note on the literature of Cuba, and the obstacles which it has had to contend with in its growth.—

"The white inhabitants have sought to accomplish, for the press, what they did for trade, in 1816, in spite of the laws, and they have been marvelously successful. From 1835 to 1839, they contrived to steal a march on the authorities, to circumvent, to defeat the vigilance, to resist the violence, and to wear out the energies of a triple censorship. I watched with no small interest the course of this war of mind with a crazy despotism, clinging to ignorance as to its chief hold on the loyalty of the people of this colony. Small papers made their appearance from time to time, first professedly to publish accounts of markets, arrivals and departures of vessels, tide tables, decrees, and ordinances; and then a little political news crept in; small feuilletons were attempted, Creole questions were glanced at, doubtful allusions made to the disadvantage of the slave-trade; and, occasionally, the Governor's assessors stirred,—then the editors drew in their horns for a brief space, and put them out again when their appearance was least expected. Two scientific societies regularly published their proceedings. The 'Memorias de la Sociedad,' published monthly, contain a mass of information, industrial and literary, of the highest value. There are now five or six daily papers published in the Havana, and one, the *Faro Industrial*, is superior, in size and matter, to any daily journal in the capital of Spain. The most eminent literary men of Cuba are lawyers. Amongst these, pre-eminent for ability and worth, in my time, were Señors José de la Luz and Domingo Delmonte. The former was the principal of the College of Carraguano. From it the most distinguished men in Cuban literature, in politics, and in philosophy have come out. All that was possible for the Government to do, to hinder the progress of this College and that of San Fernando, was done by it. They were supposed by it to be prejudicial to the interests of the Spanish Universities, and of the State. A tax was put upon the diplomas of those colleges, which it was thought would have prevented young men from graduating in them. The price of a diploma was fixed by law at 500 piastres, or 100*l.* sterling. Havana, however, continues to have its two colleges flourishing,—its thirty chairs, embracing professorships of all the arts and sciences; its various literary societies, its museum, its academies, and its scholars and literati, men truly deserving of that name. Cuba has produced several lyric writers of considerable merit. Some pieces of Delmonte, Valdes, and Parma are not surpassed by any modern Spanish poets. Those, especially, of the ill-fated mulatto, Placido,\* for their spirit and originality, are perhaps superior to the other bard of his name and race, still living, some of whose ad-

mirable poems, written while in slavery, have been rendered into English verse. In philosophy, De la Luz takes the highest rank; in history, Sagra; in miscellaneous literature, Arma, Delmonte, and Saco. To the last two, especially, Cuba is indebted for a number of treatises, published at various times during the last twelve years, advocating the abolition of the slave-trade and the substitution of free for slave labour. Those efforts have not been altogether vain. A society has been formed for the encouragement of immigration of white labourers from the Canaries and other places. This society awarded, in 1844-5-6, a sum of 12,000 dollars to the first three proprietors who established a village of fifty white families, and 20,000 dollars for the production of 45,000 arrobas of refined sugar by free labour."

Beyond the interest contained in these paragraphs, we have little to say in favour of Dr. Madden's book. Some information there is scattered about its pages; but in consequence of the want of arrangement, the reader may search for it all day,—and should he chance to fall upon it, will possibly think it not worth the trouble he has had to find it.

*England in the Days of Wiclif.* By the Rev.

H. S. M. Hubert, M.A. Longman & Co.

THERE are a number of people in the world whom their friends call well-meaning, who often say and do imprudent things. Among such we are obliged, in respect of this book, to class Mr. Hubert. His design in publishing is, he says, "to give a faithful picture of the manners of those of our ancestors of the fourteenth century, who moved in the ordinary walks of life," and "to compare the mode of life of the people of the present day with that of our forefathers five centuries ago, and thence to show how far we are avoiding their faults or partaking of their sins." This faithful picture of the manners of the fourteenth century consists of copious extracts from *Piers Ploughman* and Chaucer—not exactly all that could be wished; and the sins of the present time as compared by the writer with those of our ancestors are, with some new varieties, those sins which have been common to mankind in all ages,—as pride, envy, worldliness, &c. Among the varieties of modern wickedness reprobated by Mr. Hubert we observe "the covetousness of the clergy," and the incarnation thereof in "hundred thousand pound churchmen,"—a genus which we take to be akin to the "forty person power" talkers of the author of "Peter Plymley,"—"the luxury of the clergy," and in particular "the luxury of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners,"—with a passing notice of Mr. Horsman, whom we should suppose to be anything but an ingredient of their luxury. Mr. Hubert discovers much "insobriety of mind" in the present times; shown, as he thinks, among other signs, "by that hyper-refinement with which music, both vocal and instrumental, is cultivated at the Opera and elsewhere, for the gratification of the predominant taste for intoxicating mental excitement." Among the unfortunate persons who, according to him, are suffering under "mental inebriation," we are sorry to observe our friends of the Archaeological Societies noted. All we can say is that for persons so circumstanced they appear to us to preserve a very grave demeanour.

But enough of these puerilities. We should scarcely have noticed this book, but that we perceive the author holds a living in an agricultural district,—and if he discourses from the pulpit in the same style in which he writes he must be spreading erroneous opinions on the present state of the agricultural classes as compared with their condition in former times. For instance, he tells us "it is undeniably true that the poor ploughman, whose labours are instrumental to the support of the whole community,

is no better fed than he was five hundred years ago." Such assertions as this show how utterly unacquainted Mr. Hubert is with the state of the country in the times of which he pretends to give "a faithful picture,"—and how thoroughly he ignores the social history of the last two or three centuries. Five hundred years ago "poor ploughmen" were generally in a state of villenage, and bound to perform the basest predial services, at stated seasons, for little more than a mess of pottage a day. Mr. Hubert himself quotes Langland to show that in the fourteenth century small farmers, not "ploughmen" in the modern sense, ate oat cakes, and their children bread made of beans and bran. Even in the sixteenth century acorns were mixed with beans in bread, in seasons of dearth; yet now, when a ploughman, though in the union workhouse, would eat wheaten bread throughout the year, we have a benevolent clergyman gravely assuring us that agricultural labourers are worse fed than when they lived on that which in ancient days was called "horse-bread." In the opinion of writers like Mr. Hubert, the growth of commerce and manufactures in this country has done nothing to benefit the "poor ploughman"; yet in the nineteenth century he wears a better shirt than his lord wore in the fourteenth, and can purchase the material for as many pence as it would then have cost shillings:—he is better housed, better clothed, and better fed. Mr. Hubert belongs to that class of philosophers who will not see that in all ages of society there must be relative states of opulence and phases of mere existence. That which was a condition of mere existence in the fourteenth century is now relatively one of comfort.

Let not writers like our author attempt to persuade the poor that their estate is not better than it was centuries ago. We do not wish to be unnecessarily severe,—but cannot help quoting, in conclusion, a passage, which Mr. Hubert has also quoted, from Bishop Latimer. According to him, the dishonest trader says: "I took rifling to be restitution—for I never learned to read in book; and, in faith, I do not know any French, but come from the farthest end of Norfolk." On this Mr. Hubert observes: "from this last observation it may be inferred that Norfolk was in the rear of civilization and knowledge, as compared with other parts of England, during the fourteenth century." But that we happen to know something of Norfolk literature, this book would have gone far to persuade us that that county is in the same relative condition in the eighteenth century.

*Report from the Select Committee on Public Libraries; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix.*

[Second Notice.]

THE two most important witnesses examined by the Committee were certainly M. Guizot and M. Van de Weyer—to whose evidence we have already referred. M. Guizot, besides discharging the important function of Minister of Public Instruction in France, is, as all the world knows, a distinguished author; and M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian Minister in this country, is a liberal and judicious purchaser of books:—their evidence, therefore, is of value in considering the question of the formation of numerous public lending libraries in this country. So many points are mixed up in the evidence of these two eminent foreigners regarding the management of libraries abroad,—and the propriety of establishing amongst ourselves extensive collections of books,—that we have thought it advisable to give the answers of at least one of them nearly entire.—We select the evidence of

\* Placido was one of the many innocent men of his caste whom the sanguinary O'Donnell shed the blood of after the suppression of the revolt of the slaves in 1843. His innocence was well known to the most respectable people of Matanzas, but it weighed little with a military tribunal.



Mr. Guizot. His answers abound with information to the point. The portions which we have thought proper to omit relate to minor points of management,—and do not affect the general spirit of his observations.

“Chairman.] Can you inform the Committee of the number of libraries at present existing in France, to which the public have free access, or give a probable approximation to their number?—I cannot state to the Committee the exact number; during the time that I was in office I ordered that an inspection of all public libraries should be made; that inspection was begun, and it has been continued, I believe, by my successors. \* \* A review of the public libraries, both as respects the books and the manuscripts in them, has been made in France, and such documents I have no doubt exist in the Office of Public Instruction at the present moment.

“How far are libraries in France accessible to the public?—They are accessible in every way; they are accessible for the purpose of reading, and accessible too for the purpose of borrowing books. I could not certify that it is so in every public library in France, but I am quite sure that in a great many of them the library is open to every one who comes to read, and the books are lent to every one who is a known person in the town, who has some public recommendation, or whose name and whose mode of living are known to the librarian. That is the general practice in France. I know more especially as to some of the provincial libraries, particularly the library of my native town, which is Nismes, and the libraries of two or three other towns in which I lived, that in every one of those cases the books of those public libraries are lent to every known person in the town; it is a very general practice.

“Any person, be he a workman or whatever his class or condition in society may be, going into a library in France, would have the book he asked for given to him to read, without any obstruction?—Yes, this is the general practice; but they would not lend books to every person, without any limitation.

“Mr. Charteris.] Suppose a workman brought a certificate from his employer as to his being a respectable and honest man, would books be lent to him?—Yes, I am sure they would; upon the certificate of his employer that he was an honest and respectable man, books would be lent to him.

“But they would not be lent to an ordinary workman without such a certificate?—I think not.

“Mr. Bunbury.] Would your answer refer to books without any restriction as to their number or value?—No; very rare or very precious books would not be lent out of the library; but I refer to books of common use; they would be lent without difficulty. As to rare and precious books, the rule is that those books do not go out of the library. To a very well-known person, a learned man, those books would be lent, but rarely, and not to every one who comes into the library asking for them. Even the manuscripts in the public libraries at Paris are sometimes lent to learned and very well-known persons, but not to any others.

“Mr. Charteris.] There is a discretionary power vested in the librarian for that purpose?—Yes, in the keeper of the library there is a discretionary power.

“Chairman.] Do you attribute good results to the literature and character of the people of France from the power of free access to such libraries?—Yes, very good results. There are two good results. The first is this: a general regard in the mind of the public for learning, for literature, and for books. That complete accessibility to the libraries gives to every one, learned or unlearned, a general feeling of good will for learning and for knowledge; and then the second result is, that the means for acquiring knowledge are given to those persons who are able to employ them. It is, of course, quite impossible for a private man to have in his own possession all the books he wants. He finds them, however, in the public libraries with the greatest facility. That has been of the greatest use in France, and productive of very good results to the general literature of the country.

“Mr. Mackinnon.] Can an ordinary person come to the library and obtain access to those books without recommendation?—Yes, he may read in the library itself without any recommendation.

“Whatever his condition of life may be?—If a beggar should come in in rags there might be some difficulty; but every respectable person would be admitted.

“Chairman.] Have any steps been taken of late years to increase the number of public libraries in France or to extend the accessibility of such as already exist?—Yes, steps have been taken for that purpose, and especially this step: the French Government makes a subscription to almost every important work which is published. In the cases of works with fine engravings, or very learned and scientific works, the Government takes a certain number of copies of those works, and distributes those copies in the most important provincial libraries. That is one mode of increasing the provincial libraries. The Government itself distributing to them some copies of the books for which it has subscribed.

“Mr. Charteris.] Are the expenses of the purchase of those copies included in the parliamentary grants?—Yes; every year the two Chambers, when they existed, voted a sum of 20,000*l.* or 25,000*l.* if my memory does not fail, for those public subscriptions, for the purpose of giving to the Government the power of subscribing to every important work which was published, and copies of those works were distributed among the provincial libraries.

“Chairman.] Can you inform the Committee how many libraries receive pecuniary aid by annual grants of the Chambers, and what is the aggregate amount of such grants?—There are two modes in which public libraries are in the habit of receiving parliamentary grants. There are four public libraries in Paris which, in a direct way, receive parliamentary grants. There are some libraries which receive parliamentary grants in an indirect way; the library of the French Institute, for instance. All the expenses of the Institute are voted every year by the Chambers, and the expenses of the library are included with the other expenses of the French Institute. The library of the Institute is one of the richest and the best in Paris. That library has been formed by learned men, with a special view to general branches of learning, so that it is more complete and more scientifically formed than many of our libraries, and every year books are bought for the special purposes of science, and added to the library of the Institute. The funds for buying those books are voted every year by the Chambers. So as to the two libraries of the Chamber of Deputies and the Chamber of Peers, which are very good libraries though not very large. The expenses of those libraries were voted every year by the two Chambers. As regards the library of the Chamber of Deputies, the Chamber voted every year, I think, 800*l.* for buying books. The same sum, if I am not mistaken, was annually voted for the library of the Chamber of Peers. There are also indirect ways of voting funds for public libraries. The library of the School of Medicine is a large and well-formed library, and the funds for the School of Medicine are voted every year by the Chamber, including grants for the library.

“Lord Advocate.] There are a great many public records that are published in France under the direction of Government, at the Government expense, are there not?—Yes. The Chamber do not vote anything for the libraries in great towns; they are all supported by the municipal funds. The only way in which the Government assists in the formation of libraries in provincial towns is by distributing to them the copies of works for which it has subscribed.

“Is not there a publication of the records of all your great towns going on in France now?—Some are published; I think the records of Lyons, of Toulouse, and of Rouen, and I should think of some others of our great towns, are published.

“Is that done at the expense of the Government?—It is not done at the expense of the Government; it is at the expense of the town itself; it is a municipal expense.

“Chairman.] Are the public libraries generally subject to the control or supervision of the Minister of Public Instruction, or is such control limited to the libraries which receive grants of public money?—No; the Minister of Public Instruction has the power of controlling, and visiting, and inspecting all public libraries, even where there is no public grant of money given to them; and I think now there are

one or two general inspectors of all the public libraries in France, whose duty it is, every year, to travel through France and to inspect all the public libraries.

“How would you define a public library?—A public library is a library which belongs to a town, or to the Government generally; which is accessible to the public, and the expenses of which are defrayed by the funds of the town or of the Government in general; there are some special libraries which are not exactly public, such as the library of the Institute, the library of the Chamber of Deputies, and the library of the Chamber of Peers; and yet, though they cannot be called exactly public libraries, they are accessible to a great part of the public.

“Mr. Charteris.] And they are supported by the public funds?—Yes.

“Chairman.] Have the municipal councils in provincial cities and towns powers to levy rates, or to make grants for the support of the public libraries in their respective localities?—They do not levy rates especially for that purpose; the expenses of the provincial libraries are included in the general expenses of the town, in what we call the budget of the commune; but they can make grants in that budget, and they do make grants every year, for the support of their libraries.

“Mr. Brotherton.] Do the municipal authorities make liberal grants for the libraries in their respective towns?—Yes; they have power to do it, and generally they do so.

“In a liberal manner?—It is very unequal; there are some towns which have a special attachment to learning, and a strong desire for the establishment of public libraries, such as Rouen, such as Bordeaux, such as Lyons and Montpellier; in those towns the municipal councils are very well disposed towards public libraries, and give very willingly grants for the purpose. But there are towns in which the libraries are almost shut; nobody goes to read there, and no grants have been given to them.

“Chairman.] Do the town councils take an active part in the administration of their libraries?—It is quite in their power, subject to the general inspection, which belongs to the Minister of Public Instruction; excepting that, it is quite in their power. Do the prefects of departments, or the local representatives of the Government, in any way interfere in the management of public libraries?—Not more than they interfere in all municipal affairs; libraries are considered as a municipal institution, and the prefects have the same right of inspection, but not more especially for public libraries than for the other institutions of the town.

“Do the officers of the libraries transmit periodical reports to the Minister of Public Instruction?—They transmit annually a report to the common council on the condition and on the wants of the library; the librarian generally asks every year some sum for the purposes of the library, but I do not think there are very fixed periodical reports; the periodical reports are made by the inspectors who go to visit the libraries.

“Are the provincial libraries, like those of Paris, usually lending libraries?—Usually they are, perhaps with some conditions more stringent than those which exist in the libraries of Paris. Perhaps some certificate is asked for, more exact than is done in Paris; but generally all the public libraries in France are lending libraries.

“What are the general conditions on which the books are lent out?—The person is required to be a known person, to have a domicile in the town, and to be able, if the book is lost, to replace it. If the librarian does not himself know the man who asks for a book, if the man comes with the attestation of some known person, of some member of the common council, for example, the book is lent to him.

“Would a foreigner, after residing a short time in one of those towns, be allowed the use of a book at his residence?—I think the librarian would make no difference between a foreigner and a Frenchman.

“It is not usual that such a distinction is made?—It is not.

“Do you think it desirable that the books of public libraries should be lent out?—Yes.

“Has the practice been attended with loss and disadvantage to the libraries in which it has prevailed?—It is very difficult to answer that question. There has been loss, but the loss has been occasioned much



more by specific defects in the mode of lending the books, than arises from the practice of lending. Some rules are necessary; some restriction must be attached to the privilege. There has been, in some libraries especially, I am obliged to say in the largest of all, in the National Library of Paris, great disorder. During the time I was in office as Minister of Public Instruction (four years), I took care every year that I should know, as exactly as possible, what loss was suffered in that library by the practice of lending common books; that loss was no more than about 100l. every year. During four years there were losses of books to this value, and they were books very easy to be replaced. The advantage to the public of lending books is much greater than the loss of 100l. every year.

"Mr. Brotherton.] It is customary to make a return of the state of the libraries periodically to the Government, is it?—Yes.

"Mr. Charteris.] Can you give the Committee any idea of the per-centage of the loss upon the whole number of books lent?—No, I could not do that.

"Chairman.] Do you think that persons seeking to borrow books should be called on to show their inability to consult them in the library itself?—I think not; I think it would be inconvenient.

"Do you think the practice of lending should be restricted to such books as are possessed in duplicate by the respective libraries?—No; but it should be restricted to such books as can be easily replaced. Very rare and precious books should not be lent, except on special occasions to well-known persons who want them for important purposes; but every book which can be easily replaced, in my opinion, should be readily lent.

"Viscount Ebrington.] Is it the practice to allow every one who comes to the library, to use in the library any books, such as books of prints, or illustrated books, however precious?—Yes, with some precautions. For reading a book in the library, the greatest facility exists, even with respect to precious books.

"You are not aware that prints have been seriously damaged, or that many of them have been stolen?—Sometimes they have been damaged. I am bound to say that there are some inconveniences attached to so great an advantage, but not equal to the good results by which it is attended.

"Chairman.] Do you think the duplicate books of a public library would be more usefully disposed of by way of interchange with other libraries, than by their appropriation as a lending collection?—A general answer to such a question is very difficult. There are some books, and many books of which it is quite necessary for a large library to have two, three, or four copies. When a great many persons come to read, or to consult such books, it is very necessary to have many copies of the same book. For example, in the National Library there were sometimes five, six, or many more, copies of the same work. That, I think, is too many. It is quite useless to have so many. It is a good practice in such cases to interchange such books with other libraries. That has been practised in France between the libraries of Paris and provincial libraries. Many exchanges have been made in such a way, and usefully so, I think, for the libraries of the provinces as well as for those of Paris.

"Mr. Bunbury.] When you speak of such a number of copies of a book, do you mean copies of the same edition of a work, or do you include different editions between which there is no essential difference?—Very often editions are almost the same, without any important difference; when an edition of a book is printed, a copy is sent to the National Library; there were formerly five copies sent to different libraries, now there are only three; one is always sent to the National Library. There are many books which are printed again and again without any alteration in the text, so that there were to be found in the National Library a great many editions of the same book without any important variations.

"Was a copy of every edition of every work published required to be sent to the National Library?—Yes; every edition of the same book.

"Mr. Mackinnon.] That is one of the causes of there being so many copies of the same work?—Yes.

"Chairman.] Do you think it desirable that in great libraries, such as those of Paris, the reading-room should

be accessible in the evenings?—Yes. It is very difficult to arrange that it should be so in such a library as the National Library, but in libraries which have some special destination, as that of Ste. G  n  vi  ve, which is specially designed for the students of law, it is quite indispensable that they should be open in the evening; the students during the day are attending lectures, and in the evening they come for the purpose of reading books. In Paris I do not know of any other library than that of Ste. G  n  vi  ve and the library of the Institute which is open in the evening.

"Do you know whether they are open in any of the large commercial and manufacturing towns for the benefit of the working classes?—I think it is so in Rouen and Amiens; in those two towns, if I am not mistaken, the public libraries are open in the evening, and a great many workmen come to read.

"I need not ask you if the result produced is a good one?—It is a very good one, I think.

"Are you acquainted with any injurious results from such a practice in any libraries which have been so open?—I am not; I do not recollect any real inconvenience arising from it.

"Do you approve of the practice of admitting all persons without any restriction to a great library like the chief library of Paris, or do you think it would be better to require some introduction or recommendation?—Upon coming into a library and reading books, I think no restriction should be put.

"Are the libraries of the French universities and colleges, or any of them, accessible to the public at large?—Not to the public at large; with special permissions persons are allowed to come to them and read, but generally the use of those libraries is restricted to members of the corporation, and members of the college or university.

"Do you think it in any respect objectionable that collegiate libraries should be open to the public under proper regulations?—I think not, under proper regulations, and I think proper regulations can be made for the purpose.

"Does any system of village libraries or communal libraries for the benefit of the rural population exist?—There are but very small beginnings of the practice; by the special goodwill of some landlord or some neighbour to the village, small libraries may have been formed in that way in certain villages, but they are very rare and very imperfect. I did begin it for the village near my country seat. Some of my friends have done the same. That is only however a class of libraries originating in the goodwill of a proprietor near to the village.

"Do you think the formation of such libraries advantageous to the rural population?—It is; but it is very difficult to find books which are adapted to that sort of people. In Normandy the small proprietors around me are very excellent persons, of very good morals, and very sensible people; they have often asked me 'Can we have books to read?' In the winter evenings especially they do not know what to do with their time; they want books, and they ask for books; but it is very difficult to know what books are good for them. I have for my own use a good library, and I have lent some of my books in the country to my neighbours who came to ask for them. I have lost some books by that practice; but very few. They choose themselves such books as they are pleased with, and generally they take such books as 'Le Dictionnaire des Sciences Naturelles,' and 'Le Dictionnaire des Sciences M  dicales,' some French history, and such books as the Cyclop  dias.

"Mr. Bunbury.] Are the Committee to understand that such books are taken out by persons not above the class of small proprietors, little farmers?—Yes, farmers; those persons whom I speak of are, generally speaking, farmers, but they have of their own a revenue from land yearly of 50l., or 60l., or 100l. We have a great many such small proprietors in Normandy. They are a very good class; one of the best in the province for morality, as well as for good sense.

"You find that they prefer that class of books to works which we should have thought of a more interesting kind, books of fiction and romances?—I have in my library the novels of Sir Walter Scott and others, but I do not remember that such a book has ever been asked for by those persons. 'Le Dic-

tionnaire des Sciences Naturelles,' Buffon's 'Histoire Naturelle,' 'L'Encyclop  die,' French history, and travels; but as to novels, historical or others, they are very rarely taken.

"Chairman.] Are there not in modern times many cheap and useful publications, which would very much improve our rural population, far more attainable than they were formerly?—Yes; but you are far more advanced in England as to that than we are in France. You have in England a great many works which are very cheap, and very excellent for the use of the rural population. We have very few such publications in France.

"Are not there many such publications in France connected with natural history, and subjects of that kind?—No. During the last twenty years almanacs have been much better composed, and they are much better books generally. That is the principal kind of book which is circulated.

"You have no duty upon almanacs in France?—No.

"Have you any such establishments as itinerant libraries in France?—We have not.

"Do you approve of the practice of exacting gratuitous copies of all books published in a country, from their authors or publishers, for the public libraries of the chief cities?—Yes; it is a very small tax upon the publisher, and the utility of it is much more important than the amount of the tax.

"Do you think that that should be exacted for every edition of a book?—That is the general practice in France. No person complains very bitterly of it.

"The practice then has not been made a matter of complaint on the part of French authors or publishers?—No, there has not been any serious complaint.

"Lord Advocate.] Does the rule include works of great value?—Yes.

"Very expensive works; engravings for instance?—Yes. It is very rarely the case that of such expensive works several editions are issued.

"Supposing a work has cost an author 100l., should you still enforce the rule?—I think one of the dearest works which has been printed in France is the work of Le Comte de Bastard, 'Peintures Manuscrites du Moyen Age,' and yet, if I remember well, copies of that work have been given for the public libraries. As far as I recollect, no exception has been made in the case of that work. I think the same rule has been applied to that work as to others.

"Have not the government subscribed to that work?—Yes. I do not recollect the exact number of copies, but, as Minister of Public Instruction, I subscribed to that work as much as 15,000l., to be paid in eight or ten years.

"Did the government give any subscription to Sommerard's work?—I think so; perhaps the amount of ten or twelve or twenty copies.

"That is a work of great expense, is it not?—Yes.

"Is it usual for the government to give subscriptions to facilitate the publication of works of that great cost?—Yes, that is the constant practice. When a work is a scientific work, and is a very expensive publication, before beginning the publication, or taking any step as to it, the bookseller or the author goes to the government and asks of them, 'Will you subscribe for some copies, and for how many copies?' If government answers, 'We will not subscribe; we have no money for the purpose,' the publication is postponed.

"The subscription by the government to the publication of works of such great cost of course makes the pressure less against the publisher of having to furnish to the government three copies?—Yes.

"Chairman.] Can you favour the Committee with any suggestions as to the means of facilitating interchanges between the public libraries of different countries?—I had some conversations on that matter with M. Alexandre Vattemare, who travelled in the United States. He was the great undertaker of the interchanges between the different libraries; nothing very practical or of a great extent occurred; I tried several different ways, but I never came to any important and general result.

"Not even with the United States?—No.

"Have you ever felt the want, or have you ever heard that foreigners have felt the want of public libraries in London, and in the large towns of this

country, as numerous and as accessible as those which exist upon the Continent?—I am bound to say I found it myself, and if the London Library had not existed in London, I should have felt great inconvenience.

"That is a subscription library?—Yes, a very useful one; there are a great many excellent books about English history, which I have found in the London Library. In the British Museum I should have met with the best accommodation, but yet it is a great inconvenience for me to be obliged to go to the British Museum and not to be able to work in my own room, with my own books; that is a great part of the pleasure of working.

"Lord Advocate.] It is in respect of books not being lent out that you have found inconvenience?—Yes, in respect of books not being lent out; that is the great inconvenience.

"Chairman.] Would you not also state that it must be a serious disadvantage to a foreigner in this country to find himself in a large provincial town in England, or in London, without the enjoyment of the public libraries which he would enjoy in many countries abroad?—Yes, he would feel it a great inconvenience.

"Sir H. Verney.] You believe the London Library is the only public library at which you can obtain books at your own house?—That is so.

"And that is not a public library?—It is not a public library.

"Lord Advocate.] What was the nature of the inconvenience which you found with respect to the British Museum; was it that the accommodation furnished was not satisfactory, or that you could not obtain books to take home?—The last is the real inconvenience; the accommodation at the British Museum is excellent.

"Chairman.] At the British Museum a man cannot enter unquestioned, as he could in your libraries abroad, and ask for a book; he must have a previous introduction of some kind or other?—Yes.

"Therefore in that respect the facilities are far greater abroad than they are in London?—They are.

"Mr. Bunbury.] Have you heard of any complaints being made of inconvenience resulting to persons who go to the Bibliothèque Nationale to consult books there, in consequence of the number of books which are lent out, and that therefore the books which they wanted were not in the library?—That is sometimes an inconvenience. That inconvenience has occasionally resulted from the practice of lending books, and yet I must say that those to whom the books are lent are usually much more important persons for literary purposes than those who go into the library to read the books.

"Sir H. Verney.] Will you give the Committee a little more information with respect to those of your neighbours in Normandy, who are accustomed to ask for some of your books?—Those neighbours are generally not country gentlemen, but farmers, small landed proprietors whose revenue, beyond their farm, is, as I said before, generally 50*l.*, or 60*l.* or 70*l.* a year, of their own; they are not at all learned persons, and yet having leisure enough, especially during the winter, to read, they want books for the purpose, and having none themselves they come sometimes to me.

"From what distance round did persons come for your books?—From a distance from my house of between 2 and 10 miles.

"How many volumes in the course of a year do you think you lent out?—I cannot remember exactly, but not a very great many; perhaps in the year from 50 to 100 volumes would go round.

"The books taken, you say, were generally books of history or science?—Yes.

"Mr. Mackinnon.] But very few novels?—Very few; they do not know of the existence of such novels, and they do not wish for them; the newspapers are their novels; they read the newspapers, and those are their novels, and they do not want any more.

"Mr. Charteris.] A great many novels appear in newspapers, do not they?—Yes, and not the best.

"Did any of the labourers who are employed by those proprietors apply to you for books?—Very rarely.

"In that case have you lent them books?—Yes,

to some of them whom I knew personally, who were very honest labourers.

"Mr. Mackinnon.] Would you say that the education of those classes of the people to whom you have alluded is superior to that of the same class in England?—I cannot make a comparison; I have seen in the country that your farmers are generally superior to our farmers, and your labourers are inferior to our labourers.

"You have that intermediate class between your farmers and labourers?—Yes, we have an intermediate class between our farmers and our labourers.

"Chairman.] Would you recommend that catalogues should be made of the provincial libraries?—Yes; they are very imperfect now.

"You think it is desirable that a person consulting a library in Paris should be able to find there catalogues of other libraries in France, so that he might know where to look for the books he wants?—Yes, that work has been undertaken. You would find in the library of the Office of Public Instruction in Paris a great many catalogues of provincial libraries, but yet that collection is not at all complete, and those local catalogues are very imperfect indeed.

"Are you aware whether much progress has been made with the Catalogue Général des Manuscrits?—I cannot answer that question satisfactorily.

"Mr. Bunbury.] Is not it the case that there are some extensive libraries in France, in the small towns of France, containing some very curious books?—Yes; by special gift.

"Chairman.] Does not it appear to you particularly important that in all those cases where there is a valuable local library, at a place where a person would not naturally look for it, a catalogue of that library should exist, so that a person may know of its existence?—Yes.

"Do you approve of the regulations established by M. de Salvandy, when Minister of Public Instruction, for the purpose of increasing the responsibility of librarians and other administrators of libraries to that minister?—I am much more disposed to enforce facilities than restrictions. I like much better that books should be used freely, although occasionally loss and inconvenience may take place.

"You think an occasional loss of books is a very reasonable tax to pay for the general use of those books?—Yes.

"Lord Advocate.] You would confine the lending of books to those which are capable of being easily replaced?—Yes; when it is only a matter of money the loss is never very great; by no means equal to the good which is conferred.

"Mr. Charteris.] You can hardly even look upon books which are abstracted from libraries as being entirely lost, can you?—Morally they are not quite lost. There have been great and deplorable disorders in some of the libraries; books have been lost or have been damaged to a deplorable extent, but it was bad administration which was the cause of it."

One of the points most worthy of attention in the above evidence is, the liberality of the grants of the French Government in aid of any literary undertaking compared with the grants of our British House of Commons.—But the answers generally will yield us a few subjects of remark on a future occasion.

*Count Radetzky, Field-Marshal of the Imperial Austrian Army, during the sixty-four years of his Military Service.*—[*Graf Radetzky, &c.*]  
—From Austrian Army Documents. By J. Strack, Captain in the Imperial Service. Vienna, Keck & Son; London, Dulau & Co.

THE soldier by profession may be said to appear most thoroughly in his place under an absolute dynasty. The silent obedience to superiors,—the narrow range for independent action in any but the chief commander,—all the essentials indeed of military discipline—distinguish his condition from that of civil life less rudely than elsewhere in a state all whose members are taught alike to move or stand still at the bidding of one supreme head, and to follow its orders without discussion. Taking the extremes of the scale:—while in a Republic a

standing army always wears somewhat of an anomalous, if not a menacing character, in a purely monarchic system it is usually the feature on which the observer may dwell with the least impatience,—a body that attracts no small share of whatever virtues can be matured under this form of government.

The conclusions to which this remark might lead as to the merits of certain modes of political society, or of the profession of arms itself, we shall not here pursue. This field of inquiry is a very wide one;—whereas the subject in hand confines our attention to narrow limits, which it is more to the purpose to note.

The point of view from whence either military history or the career of the individual soldier, as such, must be surveyed, lies far within the boundaries embraced by the larger questions of ethics and policy; and is taken irrespectively of these. In describing a campaign—for instance—the details of strategy, and not the right or wrong of the war itself, are what we have to balance; in reviewing the lives of great captains we must be contented to abstract from the consideration of their exploits and services all previous estimates of the general tendency of the measures on behalf of which they were employed. For these the soldier is not responsible: and we can dwell on the loyalty with which he fulfils his military vows and the bravery or skill which he displays in the field as qualities in themselves excellent, and conferring merited distinction on their owner even when exerted on the side of an enemy. The measure of the soldier's worth, in short, is that of his clearly defined duty:—it would be mere injustice to weigh his conduct, within this sphere, by a scale which it would be a breach of duty in him to apply.

Proceeding, therefore, on this special ground of military biography, not without regard also to the circumstance noticed in our opening remarks, we may follow with interest the career of an Austrian veteran, although we may not always or often approve of the designs in which Austria has employed her soldiers. The system pursued by the House of Hapsburg it may be the office of general history to censure;—the military annalist is bound to do justice to the talents and bravery of those who have borne its banner well in the field. In the case before us, when admiring the firmness and skill displayed in two brilliant campaigns, that have crowned the *sixty-five years'* service of one of its best soldiers, we are not called upon—and may be glad that it is not our duty at present—to discuss the complex political questions mooted by the Italian wars of 1848-9. It must be reserved for other inquirers to determine how far Charles Albert was or was not justified, and what may have been his motives, in invading the Austrian territory as the champion of a great revolutionary idea,—how many of those who professed it were sincere in their faith and ready to make substantial sacrifices for its object,—what were the rights of the Lombards, what the Austrian wrongs,—how far the Italians generally were in arrears of any kind of freedom which they were able to use,—and how far they have shown themselves worthy of the freedom which they have used for a time:—questions to which none but the ignorant, the foolish or the false will pretend to give unqualified answers. They belong at all events to a field that has no place in a military record:—and such alone is the present sketch of the services of Field-Marshal Radetzky.

This sketch does not even pretend to describe at full length the whole professional life of the veteran:—while of his personal history it gives no information beyond the date of his birth (in 1766), his marriage with the Countess Francisca



Strassoldo-Gräfenberg (in 1797) and the issue from this marriage,—five sons and three daughters—of whom one of each sex, Count Theodore, and a daughter married to Count Wenkheim, alone now survive. The scarcity of personal details is owing, we are told, to "the extreme modesty—one of those virtues by which we may recognize our Field-Marshal—that has made him hitherto decline communicating any such facts to his biographers." This reluctance to impart the private incidents of a career which has been marked openly enough by public services and honours, we may ascribe to a manly simplicity not unbecoming in a soldier,—but it is unfortunate for the readers of the present memoir: which, being exclusively compiled, with little dexterity or clearness, from army reports (*Feldacten*), bulletins, and other official documents, can give little beyond a record of the Count's successive promotions and employments, of operations in which the corps he served with took part, and extracts from the numerous reports in which his name has been mentioned with praise by his superior officers:—until we arrive at the period of his command in chief of the forces in Lombardy, when the story of the Italian campaign brings the aged soldier more prominently forward. Of this even, the account is imperfect: being for the most part merely an un-commented diary of the movements of the corps or brigades of the army; from which alone no reader can easily learn what was actually going on. We must try to convert this bare statement into a sketch of the main features of a campaign which has been thought to deserve the admiration of practised eyes: as well for the skill with which disadvantages were retrieved on one side, as for the want of skill with which advantages were thrown away on the other. In order to reach this point, we shall pass as rapidly as possible over the previous stages of his career:—the summary of which, whether by years or campaigns, would be a long one. Born in 1766, of a noble Bohemian house, Joseph Count Radetzky of Radetz, entered the army as a cadet in 1784; served against the Turks in 1788-9; afterwards in Italy in the wars of 1793-7; again from 1799 to 1801, as also in 1801-5; and acquired in these campaigns that intimate knowledge of the country to which the success of his later exploits has partly been due. The rupture of the peace of Presburg in 1809 brought him into action in the rank of Major-General, in Germany; and he distinguished himself throughout the campaign, at the close of which Austria had to submit to the peace of Vienna. In the "war of liberation," as chief of the Quartermaster General's Staff, he was again employed, from 1813 to 1815, among the foremost in those operations which brought the allies to the walls of Paris: at which point a course of service already covering thirty-one years, of which nineteen had been spent in the field, might fairly have been deemed at an end. During this long period his reputation as an officer was continually advancing. In bulletins and field reports the praise of his military skill, courage in action, and "restless energy," occurs too often to be singly enumerated here. It must suffice to say that the peace of 1816 found him a General of Division, shining all over with orders and honours; and, better still, beloved by the army, who already we are told looked to him as its best hope in any future war. In his 70th year (in 1836) his creation as Field-Marshal took place.

After commanding in various military districts on this side of the Alps, we find him in 1831 transferred to the command of the Lombardo-Venetian army. In this capacity his first business was to quell the armed liberal move-

ments that broke out in the north of Italy in that year, which was soon effected as far as military resistance was concerned. This service being ended, we find him sedulously training his troops; not merely in parade movements, but, at times, by operations on difficult ground, as severe as usually occur in the hardest positions of real war. By this and other means his army was brought into a state of discipline and efficiency, of which the steadiness of its behaviour under unusual disadvantages and against superior numbers gave exemplary proof last year. We also find the aged general during this recess embodying in practical rules his experience on military subjects; and learn that his 'Field Instructions,' composed at various intervals, for the several arms of the force under his command, are valuable productions, combining large and judicious views of tactics with due precision on the minutest points of detail; and usually ending in some cordial address to his soldiers, well suited to maintain the military spirit of his army and the attachment to their veteran chief.

Captain Strack's account of the events that preceded and followed the Milan revolution in March 1848, we read, of course, as wholly Austrian. It is, in fact, a mere compilation from the official papers sent to Vienna. There will not, however, be much found in it to accuse of partiality, as it contains little more than the army reports have furnished,—and does not offer even a military view of any part of the campaign as a whole. We hear nothing of the fact that the Marshal had for some time suspected the design of the Sardinian monarch,—and had urgently written to Vienna both for large reinforcements, and for means to secure the fortifications of some important points. His urgency, it is said, was ascribed to over-caution by Metternich,—who could not bring himself to believe that any king, and least of all Charles Albert, could espouse a revolution. Thus, if Milan was found slenderly garrisoned, and its citadel unable to stand a regular siege, while not a single adequately-supported position could be taken west of the Mincio, this must be imputed not to the military chief, but to Austrian economy. On another point Captain Strack omits to notice a feature of consequence, in any strategic view, of the Marshal's proceedings. It was the march of the Piedmontese army, 60,000 strong, across the Ticino that obviously rendered Milan untenable. With no more than 25,000 under arms—some of these, too, Italian brigades—it would have been madness to think of holding an open city, filled with an insurgent population, and surrounded by a whole province in revolt. But for the advance of Charles Albert, however, there is no reason to suppose that the Marshal could not have maintained himself there against any native insurrection, as he designed to do, until he was apprised of the Sardinian invasion. The bulletins and proclamations of the Milanese, boasting that they had driven Radetzky away—"abbiamo vinto, abbiamo costretto il nemico a fuggire, sgombrato dal nostro valore e della sua città," &c.—can now merely excite compassion.

The Marshal—perceiving the necessity of gaining some position where he might stand effectually on the defensive until he could ascertain the strength of his enemies and of the native insurrection, and muster his own resources—proceeded with the utmost promptitude to the execution of this plan. Until he reached the region between the Mincio and the Adige, there was no holding ground to be trusted. Here, with Verona and Mantua as *points d'appui*, he saw a position of admirable strength in the hands of a good strategist; and thither he at once directed his retreat. With

the eye of a practised commander, he saw where his only hope of recovering the country lay,—and he made no fruitless attempts at retreating in the meanwhile what he never doubted to regain by the system which he had resolved to pursue. The whole army retreated in good order—though accompanied by numbers of fugitives, with their possessions—on the 21st and 22nd of March, by way of Lodi. On his march thither, Radetzky received the news that Venice had thrown off the Austrian yoke; and that her chief cities in the Terra-firma had gone over to the Italian cause,—the garrisons, where composed of native troops, deserting by whole brigades at a time. This was also the case at Cremona,—the defection of which increased the difficulties of an army retreating by the left bank of the Po, and greatly favoured the invading army, had it known how to use the advantage; while the Venetian uprising broke the main line of the Austrian communication in the rear, besides closing the source from which the victualling of the troops ought to have been chiefly drawn. These circumstances only prove more clearly that the Marshal was right in the retreat, and wise in carrying this to its final point at once. Pursued by an army of thrice his numerical strength, through a country as hostile that provisions could hardly be raised and intelligence was seldom to be procured, while naturally expecting that his adversary would make some use of his great advantages, it was no time for awaiting an encounter in the open field. But the Italians, in their intoxication of spirits, were mistaken in thinking that the *aborrito Tedesco* was only hastening to cross the Alps. Radetzky saw where the stand must for the present be made;—for the future he does not appear at any time to have had the least fear. He knew he might trust his German troops, and was content to "bide his time." The power of doing this he had now secured by his quick and masterly dispositions.

He was already strongly posted behind the Mincio, under the walls of Verona, before Charles Albert came up with him. The Austrian army, after its Italian element had been thrown out,\* had suffered no loss of any moment, and was still in good heart. In various affairs with detachments—one especially of great spirit, at Goito—the pursuing Piedmontese had the advantage. But the steadfastness of Radetzky's troops was proved in the attack of his position before Verona (St. Lucia) by the whole army of Charles Albert. The assault was completely repulsed, although great bravery was shown by the Piedmontese. From this moment, properly speaking, the latter can never be said to have made any effectual appearance on the offensive. Their commander had wasted precious time and great advantages at the outset, in vacillating moves, that showed a total want of skill at head-quarters. His enemy had now reached his stronghold,—from which he never afterwards moved in strength but to strike with decisive effect.

The battle of St. Lucia was fought on the 6th of May. The Italian army (as, for brevity's sake, we shall denominate Charles Albert's forces) attempted nothing of consequence for some weeks,—occupying an extended position along the Mincio. Its chief enterprise was the aimless investment of Peschiera. Meanwhile, Radetzky safely awaited the junction of a reserve under Count Nugent, and employed the interval in strengthening the works around Verona, and checking his opponents by a flotilla on the Lago di Garda. The reserve—whose direction appears to have suffered from the illness of its

\* Radetzky's loss from this desertion is set down at something less than 16,000 men. Of twenty Italian battalions, seventeen, we read, went over altogether.



commander—did not join the Marshal until the end of May. As soon as it arrived, Radetzky's defence at once took that more formidable character under which a well-planned resistance begins to partake of an offensive nature. This was shown in a movement which—considering the still superior numbers of the enemy, and the fact that Vicenza, with a great part of Friuli, were still unconquered in the rear—has been described as one of the boldest known in military annals. Its object was, by a rapid movement in the direction of the enemy's right flank, to break it and turn his line,—thereby drawing him from the neighbourhood of Verona. Moving towards Mantua by rapid marches, Radetzky crossed the Mincio, and in a few days, by taking the lines at Curtatone, had effected the first part of his scheme. A reconnaissance—which the ardour of his troops turned into a regular battle at Goito, where the Italians made a firm stand with superior numbers—showed that the purpose of the manœuvre had succeeded. It has, indeed, been avowed by a military writer, that if the attack had been duly followed up on the next day, the dispersion of Charles Albert's army would then have been inevitable. Torrents of rain, which fell on the 31st and for the three following days, compelled Radetzky to pause; and before they ceased news arrived of the revolution that had broken up everything at Vienna on the 26th. This intelligence at once altered the plan of the Austrian General. It might be that on the army he now commanded the only remaining hope of the monarchy might rest. It was obvious that to count upon reinforcements or other support from Vienna, in case of any reverse in the field, would be quite unsafe. Radetzky instantly resolved on resuming the strictly defensive attitude which he had so lately abandoned; but the manner in which this painful resolution was carried out was perhaps his finest display of skill, decision, and promptitude in the whole campaign. Instead of retiring at once to his former post at Verona, he first, by a series of rapid marches, brought his army round to Vicenza,—which, after all its defences were carried in a single day, capitulated to him on the next, the 11th of June—eight days only since the army retired from the offensive in the vicinity of Mantua. The important post of Vicenza secured in his rear, without a moment's delay he hastened back to Verona, and reached it before the Italian army—that had lain for some days as if bewildered after the suspension of the attack on its position at Goito—came up to that city! This part of the campaign is thought to have shown the contrast in generalship between the two opponents in the strongest light. Charles Albert, finding himself too late at Verona, made no attempt to disturb the adversary by whose rapid movements to and from Vicenza he had been completely out-manœuvred. And another pause ensued.

But Radetzky, by the capture of Vicenza, was enabled to improve his situation rapidly; and soon cleared the whole Terra-firma of hostile garrisons. The resources of Friuli being thereby placed at his disposal, and his rear freed from danger, the ascendant, fairly won by his superiority in the military art, was now on his side; and it only remained to wait until the affairs at Vienna, and some reinforcement of troops, should allow him to reassume the offensive in a determined manner on the first opening that the movements of the Italian army should offer. The latter, after remaining inactive for an entire month, at last resolved on attempting the investment of Mantua,—a questionable enterprise on a place of strength in the presence of such a foe as Radetzky,—while the move, in a military point of view, is declared by judges to

have been itself a false one. This was just such an oversight as the Austrian General had been waiting for: he proceeded to take instant advantage of it: and resolved, with a force now equal in numbers to Charles Albert's, to break through the centre of the Italian army, scattered on too extended a front from the plateau of Rivoli along the left bank of the Mincio. The Austrian army began its operations on the 22nd of July,—the real attack, near the central point of Somma Campagna, being masked by a false one against the position of Rivoli. The subsequent movements we shall not attempt to describe in detail; it must suffice to say that the design of breaking the enemy's line, although some minor links in the chain of operation were imperfectly joined, and some partial successes won by the Italians in consequence, was on the whole thoroughly successful,—as the rapid close of the drama, after the battles of Custoza, Somma Campagna, and Volta, within a space of *three days only*, sufficiently proved. After the last affair, at Volta, the resistance of Charles Albert's army was at an end: he proposed an armistice, and this failing, retreated in confusion and in a wavering direction across Lombardy, vigorously followed by the conqueror.

Of the movements that agitated Milan during this eventful period, and of the treatment that awaited the Sardinian monarch there, the memoir before us says nothing; it merely quotes verbatim the memorable letter addressed on the 6th of August to the Marshal, who had then already reached San Donato, by the Podestà Bassi, imploring him to "hasten his entry into Milan," which is described as "ready to receive the Imperial troops in a becoming manner," "in order to prevent the excesses of the populace,"—the Piedmontese troops having, as we know, been compelled to leave the city. On the same day, the 6th of August, namely,—or fifteen days only after the advance of the Austrians from Verona, Radetzky with the bulk of his troops entered Milan,—the Piedmontese army having on the previous day submitted to a convention, binding it to be on the other side of the Ticino by the close of the morrow; thereby evacuating the Lombard territory. A swifter change of the fortune of war is hardly to be found in the most brilliant of Napoleon's campaigns.

This result of the campaign was not principally due to any superiority in the Austrian troops. The Austrians had, indeed, the advantage of being all well seasoned and trained; but there were several excellent regiments in Charles Albert's army, the entire body of which usually fought well,—and for some time he had a great superiority in numbers, with the advantage of a friendly country and constantly growing reinforcements. The result must chiefly be ascribed to the superior military skill and energy of the Austrian commander; whose success appears the more striking when we see it won by such vigorous qualities at an age far beyond the usual term of human life. Instead of resting, as the old may well rest, under the care of others, and enjoying by the fireside the indulgences proper to advanced age, we find this veteran, in his eighty-second year, with an almost youthful fire and activity animating his tried experience, encountering, in a position of more than common difficulty, the fatigues of mind and body and the anxieties and dangers of a leader of armies in camp and on the field of battle. Nor is his manner of conducting the toilsome operations of war less remarkable. It displays a surprising quickness of eye and a ready practice of the latest improvements in the art of strategy, instead of that slowness of apprehension and adherence to routine of which aged generals have commonly been accused. Altogether, we cannot

view a figure such as this veteran Field Marshal without admiring the rare gifts, the many unusual qualities, both mental and physical, that must have been combined to bring such a career as his to so brilliant a military climax,—which the events of the renewed war in the present year may be said to have completed.\* To Radetzky, who has now passed the sixty-fifth year of his service and the eighty-third of his age, Austria owes the entire recovery of her Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Whatever may be said or felt as to the occupation of this region of Italy by its present masters, this, at all events, is clear as far as the post of the Austrian commander is concerned:—He was placed there to keep it for the monarch to whom he had vowed allegiance,—and has fulfilled this unquestionable duty of a soldier with a degree of firmness, skill, and energy far exceeding the common performance of soldiers. We can, therefore, understand the feelings of pride and affection with which the Austrian army looks up to its aged hero; and may be glad that the special nature of the work before us allows us to dwell on the military view of his character alone. It will give us pleasure hereafter to find proof of those assertions of his clemency and justice in other relations which have been as loudly denied as they have been strenuously made by the partisans of opposite sides:—the consideration of his conduct in this respect in the meanwhile we may decline. It is not actually required by our present task; and it can hardly be fairly undertaken until the heaving of the passionate contest shall have so far subsided as to let the truth be seen and heard.

## POETRY OF THE MILLION.

If we were of those who, with the Rev. Mr. Newton, author of the 'Flight of the Apostate,' consider mediocrity in verse to be a crime, we might well, with the experience which our office furnishes, despair of a society in which the vice seems to be spreading even under the very influence of its denunciation. Luckily, we think bad poetry to be little worse than a blunder,—which becomes an absurdity when it is frequently repeated.—The rage for verse-writing is an epidemic of by no means so alarming a character as cholera; but of far more rapid diffusion—and unquestionably contagious. As a self-constituted Board of Poetical Health, we have done, and continue to do, what we can for its suppression. It is an important object of the articles which we publish under this head to watch the premonitory symptoms of the disease with anxious care, and stop incipient verse-mania where we can. We report sparingly, because hopelessly, on cases of poetical collapse. Our office of Registrar-general of verse, though a troublesome one enough, is by no means the terrible one which it would be on Mr. Newton's theory. The diagnosis of a disease like this furnishes even many materials of amusement to those who do not take the gloomy Newtonian view.—So, we proceed at once to the Report of a few cases for the present week.

*Veritas, a Poem*, is a kind of rambling narrative involving the autobiography of an unsuccessful verse-maker,—perhaps the writer himself. The title-page describes it as "the Biography of a poet, in which is portrayed the manners of those among whom he moved, with incidental descriptions of sense and scenery, forming a text-book on many matters of importance concerning the world we live in." Our readers will see that among the "matters of importance" on which these pages are to be accepted as a

\* The Gazette announcing the capitulation of Venice—for some time the sole remaining point of resistance to the reconquest effected by Radetzky—arrived while we were writing this paragraph.

text-book, syntax cannot be one. The author has certain theories to account for the faults of his work and convert them into "commodities;" which, as being the most novel and ingenious portion of his pages, it is only fair to lay before our readers—though we do not urge their acceptance either. "This poem," he says, "will be found very unequal;" and he proceeds to insinuate that he could have made it equal "an if he would,"—but that he would not, because "it does not represent one feature in life but many—and as life is unequal, so must the writing be." This is a sample of the curious logic which is to give "incidental descriptions of sense" and discuss "matters of importance."—Having accounted for the inequality of his work, the author proceeds next to extract a triumph out of the lowliness of its general level. He says that "to a real poet the rising scale is by far an easier matter than the descending one"—and bathos a higher achievement than pathos. So, he has aimed at keeping himself generally down—and with good success. Anticipating "another objection" to the "want of association or connection" in his poem, the writer delivers himself of the following justification:—which requires his own words for its conveyance.

"Now we care not who he is, reader or reviewer; has he always had a complete association or connection in his own life? Has he not, in many actions of his life, almost lost his own identity? Can he therefore expect, in a work purporting to be the biography of a person perhaps more erratic than himself, a perfect continuity of action, particularly when he is describing society and those among whom he moved, from acute observation, and not from idealism or any book, however near he may approach the sentiments of others in some cases?"

It is probable that in these glimpses at the writer's views of Art, and examples of his manner of expressing them, our readers may already have discovered some of the causes of his admitted non-success as a verse-maker, if in the person of his hero he has meant to shadow out his own career—or of what we assert to be his non-success in case he disavows that connexion. But the writer has a different theory on that matter, too. He looks for the secret of his hero's failure—and of his own by inference—anywhere out of the verse itself: and is of opinion that he has found it in the fact, that each "printer" keeps a "pet" poet of his own,—from whom he takes "what'er the man may write"—and he has found nobody yet to "pet" him. Our readers will agree with us in thinking that even if this be so, the author of 'Veritas' has scarcely ascended as far as the ultimate reason. An inquiry *why* he has not found a printer to make a pet of him might lead him into the neighbourhood of a whole-some revelation. Perhaps if we give our readers a short specimen of the verse of 'Veritas,' we shall supply the only reason now wanting to them to enable them to account for the non-success which is the burthen of the poem. The following is an example, taken at random, of the "descriptions of scenery."

O what a sight, the coronation day,  
I almost pause and dash my pen away!  
I almost pause lest sneering men should say,  
'Tis but ideal to support my lay.  
What mortal can describe to meaner eye  
The endless stream of grandeur rushing by?  
Then house-tops, windows, balconies, and stalls,  
Were throng'd so dense, one marvel'd how the walls  
Could e'er support a living mass so great,  
And trembled for the millions' perilous fate;  
While solid walls of flesh lined every street  
So close one scarce had room to plant his feet,  
And loud huzzas and banners waving gay  
Aided this indescribable display!

The following we suppose to be an example of the "descriptions of sense."

I knew a man, but will not breathe his name,  
For 'tis my rule to hold up none to shame—  
Who had amass'd a fortune by his trade,  
Through three keen generations cautious made,—

Who promised his relations, when he died,  
To do them good—O, ostentatious pride!  
Though they were needful, kind to him in life,  
And though he had no family, no wife,  
Cheated them all for one poor hour of fame—  
To raise an institution to his name.  
For whom? for strangers! or degenerate knaves:—  
This is the way fools fill unhallow'd graves!  
Mark it, ye living worthies who are rich,  
And wish, for some false monument, a niche—  
That living hearts can give you nobler praise  
Than any work the hand of man can raise!  
With such, the widow, orphan, and old age  
Can carve your name on life's enduring page,  
While God above approves of what we say;  
Look to the truth, nor heed how asses Bray—  
To what poor ends were all your acts and care,  
If only knaves and strangers were to share?—  
Why will ye struggle on in trade and strife  
To end at last so meaningless your life?

This man was flatter'd daily by his friends—  
He liked it—but to likings there's no end!  
A few the painful oracles declined,  
Because it was not of their kind to mind:  
Some cannot sit and smile, and cry—ha! ha!  
To half a pun, though others deem it law.  
Who can digest a dinner done by rule,  
Or fill his glass of common sherry full?  
When watch'd as a subordinate, and fed  
By serious system or superior dread!  
If so, 'tis all hypocrisy—for what?  
To gain the idiot's favour where they're at!—  
To look upon his greatness with surprise  
And deem each thing he utters doubly wise,  
To hear long stories told and told again,  
That to the man of sense engender pain.  
But whether done or not, 'tis much the same:  
Some men desire to leave behind a name;  
Gather their wealth by land and sea and frith,  
And leave it to the countless name of Smith.

*The Parson's Home*, by an English Vicar, deserves to be spoken of with respect. The poetry is "poetry of the million"; but there is a scholarly touch in parts which assigns its place beside that department of the Poetry of the Million known as College Prize Poems. The theme is obvious,—but treated within modest limits. The author has the disease in a very mild form:—against which we have no complaint more particular than that of his case swelling the general amount of the epidemic. The nature of his case—which has no very marking features for description,—will be best indicated by giving a specimen of the parson's classicality of tone.

And now the dinner past, the Doctor took,  
Some say his nap, although himself his book.  
Perhaps it was that sleep that brought before  
His cultured mind its own digested lore;  
And the like thoughts his pleasing dreams engage,  
That shine imprinted on the classic page.

Perchance in thought by Mele's stream he stands,  
A bard advances, bearing in his hands  
Two scrolls: the noonday splendour shines on one,  
On one the brightness of the evening sun.  
In stop majestic, sweet in rusted time,  
Simple with strength, and without art sublime.  
From all his genius vast applause commands,  
Rich with the varied lore of distant lands:  
From each the impress of the shore he brought,  
And painting man the hero's virtues taught.  
With warning voice he bade licentious power  
Restrain the burning passion of the hour;  
And shows how vice, engender'd in the great,  
Curses a people and uproots a state;  
Sounds the shrill trumpet, and men's spirits fall;  
Breathes in the lute and tender maidens wall;  
Nor builds his temple by the lines of art,  
But joins the master's with the workman's part.  
And their best rules succeeding ages draw  
From what in him the world astonished saw.

We pass from the didactic to the descriptive poem. *The Spirit, or a Dream in the Woodlands*, by William Jones, is the work of a mechanic who, being thrown out of employment, preferred the forest to the workhouse,—and betook himself to the former, he tells us, "to think." He describes the vindictive feelings which he carried with him to his conference with Nature as gradually yielding to her gracious persuasions—chastening, his own thoughts. He became convinced "that social wrong and the morally degrading causes which have pressed so long and so heavily upon working men, especially in the manufacturing districts, can only have permanent removal in proportion to the growth of the masses in knowledge, temperance and self-respect."—What poetry there is in this poem resides in the intention. Its appeal is to our sympathies more than to our critical sense.

We recognize the consoling and sustaining Muse in the spirit which led this toiling Leicester mechanic away

From worse thoughts which make one do amiss,  
to commune with truth in the woodlands and drink courage at the fountains of Nature—even where we do not know her by her voice. We feel in the little work of Mr. Jones that there is a poetry present—and do not ask too curiously if its interpreter to our apprehension be the Lyre. It is just, at the same time to add, that there is smoothness in the writer's verses—and that many natural sentiments are pleasingly expressed.

In the preface to *The Wanderer*, by Chr. Pemberton Hodgson, the writer informs us that he has "a conditional intention of describing all his wanderings in poetry—commencing at Holland, and skimming over all the places he has visited." Now, here is one of those cases in which it is important to deal with the early stage of this verse-disorder. The author tells us that this poem "is a favourite of his," and "was written on the Red Sea, amidst a noisy crew of Mussulmen and Abyssinians." It is in the Spenserian stanza:—a heavy instrument in any hands save those of a master.—Let a single stanza show how Mr. Hodgson wields it.—

Oh! I could wish that Man, with form so fair,  
Bore not such deadly poison on his tongue;  
That all his mask'd hypocrisy were bare;  
The loveliest air that Circe ever sung,  
Wrung not the hearts his falser antics have wrung;—  
Oh! if on earth one creature I despise,  
'Tis when, to what in confidence we clung,  
Sneaks in our path, and fascinates our eyes,  
To work a hell by calumny and lies.

Mr. Hodgson does not say what is the condition on which the future volumes of his verified Itinerary are to depend:—which we think he should have done when it is the qualifying element of so formidable an announcement. If it be, as we suppose, the success of the present volume,—then there is little, we think, to apprehend.

There is considerable poetic ambition shown in an illustrated volume entitled *Portraits in Miniature; or, Tableaux de Cœur*, by Henrietta I. Fry.—The idea is taken from the practice current at the court of Louis XIV. of "drawing one another's portraits, as they were called"—to which, as Warburton tells us, "we owe those master-pieces which we call Characters in Cardinal de Retz and Lord Clarendon." With such masters Henrietta Fry has not feared to compete:—and in this manner she has given us descriptions of more than eighty individuals, living and dead. We cannot very highly compliment her on her success:—but in justice to the attempt, we cite the following portrait of Madame de Staël as the best specimen which we can select.—

*The Aurora.*

Borne on the wings of genius, rayed in light,  
An essence came:  
Methinks a meteor passed before my sight,  
In woman's name.  
Wit was her spirit-language, from her tongue  
Did full notes swell;  
And melodies which there like pearl-drops hung,  
In beauty fell.  
Her lips were bathed in dew—gems clear and bright  
Were sparkling there;  
Like morning's rosy balu that cheers the sight  
And scents the air;  
Her page was nature's record—for with skill  
Her pen pourtrayed  
How man hath walked at his own bootless will,  
Through light and shade.  
She marked the course of nations—and her eye  
Looked angelic back,  
Upon the wonders of their destiny,  
Through time's long track.  
Manners and mind she pencilled—and she walked  
With musing tread,  
Amid the homes of Europe, where she talked  
With Europe's dead.

And with her living—who in lustre shone,  
She communed high,  
With earth's bright tenants, and with spirits gone  
Beyond the sky.

She treads this vale no longer, where her soul  
Saw visions bright;  
She now has passed life's confines, won its goal—  
And gone from sight.

We will bring this article to a close by dealing with a little volume from which we can find pleasure in quoting. *Reverberations* is a small unpretending duodecimo of sixty-seven pages, which gives no clue whatever to its parentage. Perhaps we can best indicate the idea involved in these lyrics by means of an epigraph prefixed.

The World is like a valley, and our actions are like shouts,  
And the echo of the shout reverberates even to ourselves,  
says a Persian poem. Another motto prefixed, from Emerson, says—

We chant our own times and social circumstances.  
The author does so:—but in the first instance by reference to the past. His two leading lyrics are Scandinavian runes on Balder and Thor:—both expressive of the truth that new ideals evermore supersede the old. It will be observed, that the writer wields the stanza which he has selected with a master's power.

Thus the Godlike evermore decays,  
Thus the ancient Gods must leave the earth.  
No one trends the old and sacred ways,  
Old leaves fall and the old fruit decays,  
Fades for ever the primeval worth.  
Grieve we not for this, but rather find  
A new splendour in the actual time.  
Ever present is the Eternal Mind,  
Ever shall the faithful seeker find,  
Ever listen to the starry chime!

'T is not God, 't is but the Gods are dead,  
'T is not Art, 't is but the Arts that die,  
Ankle deep in flowers the poets tread,  
Neither faith nor loyalty are dead,  
Still the ancient sun is in the sky.

Even the good Thor is with us still,  
With his summer heat and hammer bolt,  
With fresh flowerage clothing vale and hill,  
Quiet, loving Thor is with us still,  
In the forest, and on heath andholt.

'Valour still is Odin's word sublime,  
And among the awakening nations Thor  
Speaks of love and freedom long deferred:  
Breathes of love, breathes Odin's loftiest word,  
While king Olaf sails along the shore.

Travelling in the giants' country still  
He subdues the Frost-kin, one by one,  
Oversets their thrones with right good will,  
Bids the phantom lords of earth lie still,  
Melts the winter's snow with summer's sun.

Thor, the peasant God, with strenuous hand,  
And with noble heart, is in the world.  
How have men obeyed his high command,  
How has Thor, with his imperial hand,  
The old standard of the Gods unfurled?

Soon shall Thought make Labour glad and fair,  
Soon shall Labour make Thought swift and strong,  
Soon shall Music smooth the troubled air,  
Soon the deeds of men be wise and fair,  
Soon Heligion blossom into Song.

Out of Doubt shall Faith be born again,  
From the dead the living church shall rise,  
The old granite gleams above the plain,  
Winter fades—the summer comes again,  
Over all are the eternal skies.

The author then proceeds to grapple with the social movements and conditions of the times in a bold and original style and spirit:—and comes at length to the great Western emigration of the seekers after gold.—

#### Journey to California.

So now the Golden Age is come,  
The Golden Country lies before us,  
We leave the plough, we quit the loom,  
And merrily we chant in chorus,  
"The Golden Country lies before us."

Away! away! across the sea,  
Thor forest vast and wild Savannah,  
With fearless heart and footsteps free,  
And fed with Joy's celestial manna,  
We cross the lone and wild Savannah.

Away! away! our hope burns bright,  
The Golden Country lies before us,  
Nor rest by day nor sleep by night,  
But forward still, and chant in chorus,  
"The Golden Country lies before us."

We travel thro' a lordly land,  
A land of Dream, a realm of Faery,  
Here shine white lakes, and near them stand  
Tall trees of graceful shape and airy,  
All mirrored in those lakes of Faery.

A marble city rises here,  
A Golden Country gleams before us,  
Soft lawns, delicious shades appear—  
Yet linger not, but chant in chorus,  
"The Golden Country lies before us."  
Nay! in this world of rich Romance,  
One minute, but one minute, linger,  
See snowy domes and columns glance,  
Beneath the morning's rosy finger,  
They fade—but yet one moment linger.

Ah no! ah no! we may not stay,  
A Golden Country lies before us,  
This fairy dreamwork fades away,  
Like youth and love—then chant in chorus,  
"The Golden Country lies before us."

Yes, we have left the enchanted ground  
Of Dream and delicate illusion,  
But see what flowers are blooming round,  
And wooing us with bright profusion.  
One moment stay—'t is no illusion.

O never care for idle flowers,  
The Golden Country lies before us;  
Leave poetry for boys, be ours  
The truth of life; and chant in chorus,  
"The Golden Country lies before us."

We leave the Sunflower with the Sun,  
The Torch-flower burning by the river,  
The Trumpet-flower to wear alone  
His blue and scarlet robe for ever;  
We cross the plain, we ford the river.

Ah now! ah now! the mountains rise,  
The Golden Country gleams before us,  
The wealthy man and his wife,  
Is king of men—then chant in chorus,  
"The Golden Country lies before us."

Ah stay! behold those seven small Lakes,  
Beneath enamoured woodlands shining,  
Mid rustling leaves the breeze awakes,  
The bright moss, with an emerald lining,  
Clothes pine and cedar, rustling, shining.  
The Hills—the Lakes—the Flowers are gone,  
The Golden Country gleams before us,  
Youth's visions faded one by one,  
The man is wise; and thus, in chorus,  
We chant the Golden Land before us.

Is this your Promised Land? Is this  
The wealth, the wisdom that you proffer?  
Is this your sober, waking bliss?  
Is this the sceptre that you offer?  
Take hence the throne—the crown ye proffer.

Amid red rock and desert sand,  
The Golden Country lies before us,  
Famine and Hunger hand in hand,  
Behind us Death, the Judgment o'er us,  
The Golden Country gleams before us.

We left the still pure land of Dreams,  
The fairy world of Art and Beauty,  
Of Love and Faith, where sunny gleams  
Colour and warm the waste of Duty,  
And half transfigure it with Beauty.

Ah! this is not the world we sought,  
No Golden Country gleams before us,  
O give us back our Lofty Thought,  
Our Faith, our God, our Heaven restore us—  
There gleams no Golden Land before us.

One more verse from the latter part of the same poem we must give.—

Above the mist, above the cloud,  
Above the darkness and the thunder,  
While storms are roaring, wild and loud,  
Calm shines a world of Awe and Wonder,  
And there is silence o'er the thunder.

Our readers will see that this is scarcely 'Poetry of the Million':—but it is poetry expressly written for the Million.

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#### THE LITERARY FUND.

THIS Society has had its annual dinner and its annual self-laudation—raised its annual tribute:—and before another festival shall have arrived what we may here say will probably be forgotten. We have little hope—and others therefore need have little fear—that our questioning will have any consequence save those of exciting some personal and angry feeling and quieting our own conscience.

It is after long and anxious consideration that we have resolved to enter this formal protest against the proceedings of the Committee: but such is the constitution of the Society, as now interpreted, that no alternative remains between such a protest and submission to its arbitrary will and proceedings—directly contrary as these are to the letter and the spirit of the Charter and to common sense,—between silence and this mode of appeal to the President, Vice-Presidents, Members of Council, general Subscribers, and, necessarily, to the public. It is true, there is an annual general Meeting; but few attend it,—and few who do so once would attend a second time, seeing that the information to be there had amounts to no more than this: "Gentlemen,—the Committee have distributed during the past year £—, amongst—claimants. We never mention names: but you may be assured that there were many painful and urgent cases,—and that we have exercised a sound discretion."—Here is the "be all and the end all" of the Annual Report.

Still, it may be asked.—Why do not those who object to the proceedings of the Committee avail themselves of even these formal meetings to protest against them? Why, so they do,—and have done over and over again. Members of Council, who were members of Council before many members of the Committee were even members of the Society, have remonstrated until weary of the sound of their own voices:—with what result? Why, the Meeting proceeded to the vote; and the members of the Committee, whose conduct was the question under consideration, being present in the proportion of five or ten to one, the reply, if not convincing, has always been conclusive. It may be assumed, too, that when these protests and the arguments on which they are founded come the next day before the public, the subscribers generally would be informed,—and could then act. Very true:—but they do not come before the public. No reporter is permitted to be present even at the General Meetings of this Society. While other benevolent institutions seek and solicit publicity as their very life-blood,—while they send cards of admission for the reporters of the daily papers, and hold themselves obliged if a reporter be allowed to attend—the Literary Fund Society deliberates with closed doors. Should a stranger make his appearance at any of these Meetings, the Secretary will be forthwith seen in bland and courteous communication with the unknown; who, as a consequence, glides away as if he feared to disturb the sweet concord of the amiable people assembled for such noble purposes. It was on a like occasion that Lord Chatham said—"to be afraid of having their deliberations published is monstrous and speaks for itself. The practice of locking the doors is sufficient to open the eyes of the blind." The doors of this Society, however, are not known to be locked: for notwithstanding this seeming horror of publicity, a report does appear in the papers,—but there is not one word in it about differences and protests.

Let us be understood as distinctly stating in the outset that we have no charges to prefer touching the personal honour of the members of the Committee. We believe the motives and principles of a large majority of—possibly of all—the members to be beyond suspicion. We believe the Secretary to be an upright and excellent officer; not, however, without strong personal feelings, political and religious—likings and dislikings, that have been but too manifest in the elections—and a very natural prejudice in favour of his own interest. Our objections are not personal, but general—to the constitution of the Committee—to the secrecy of its proceedings and its consequent irresponsibility:—and we object not because of known misappropriation of the funds,—but because neither the President, the Vice-Presidents, the members of Council, the "members at large," nor the public know, or can know, how they are appropriated,—and because secrecy and



irresponsibility are very sure to end in misappropriation.

According to the Charter, the Literary Fund Society was established "for the purposes of protecting and relieving persons of genius and learning, and their families, who shall be in want and distress." It consists of all who have subscribed 10*l.* at one time, or paid one guinea annually for three years. The Charter directs that there shall always be a Council, a General Committee, a President, twenty Vice-Presidents, three Registrars, three Treasurers, and three Auditors to direct and manage the affairs of the Society. That the Council shall consist of the President, the Vice-Presidents, and "of twenty other Members, to be elected out of those Members who shall have previously served for three years at least upon the General Committee;"—and that the General Committee shall consist of "nineteen Members, four of whom shall be elected out of the Council and the remainder out of the members at large," and of the Registrars and Treasurers for the time being.

Now, we submit to the common sense of the reader whether a doubt can exist that the Council was intended to be the superior and controlling body? In spirit the directions are, that the Council shall consist of the President, the Vice-Presidents, and of twenty of the most experienced Members of the Society, whose zeal, ability, and integrity, shall have been proved by long administrative duties well performed in Committee. The Charter directs positively that (special cases excepted) no Member shall be eligible for election into the Council unless he shall have proved his qualifications by at least three years' services in Committee. It assumes, or seems to assume, that the inexperienced Members of the Committee (to be selected, be it remembered, from the Members at large) may require direction; and therefore orders that four of the experienced Members—Members of Council—shall serve on the Committee,—doubtless that they may advise the one body and keep the other well informed of its proceedings.

This is a summary of the constitution of the Society:—but the directions of the Charter were never carried into effect. Practically, no distinction has ever existed between the Council and the Committee. Members of both were summoned to attend all meetings,—and did attend: so that the governing and administrative powers were in effect vested in one body, which included the sixty-four officers of the Society. This form of government may have been good or bad: we are of opinion that it was bad:—there was no controlling power, no court of appeal. But at any rate it gave to all who held office, and were therefore responsible before the public, a voice in the direction and a knowledge of what was done.

This state of things continued for thirty years,—from the grant of the Charter up to 1848; when a doubt was raised by a Member of the Committee whether, according to the strict interpretation of the Charter, the Members of the Council had a right to be present at the meetings of the Committee. On this hint one of the Treasurers resolved—acting, we presume, under the advice of the Honorary Solicitor—to take counsel's opinion. To this proceeding we do not object—gentlemen holding offices of trust cannot be too scrupulous; but we do object to a case being drawn up and counsel's opinion taken at the cost of the Society, without instruction, direction, or authority from either the Council or the Committee. However, counsel decided that the objection was good, and of force; and at the next meeting, as we have heard, the Members of Council who chanced to be present were informed of these proceedings, and requested to withdraw. They withdrew accordingly:—and there was an end of a constitution by which the Society had been practically regulated for thirty years.

There was, however, one consequence which had not been foreseen. If this interpretation of the Charter were correct—if the presence of members of Council would make all future proceedings illegal—it must follow that their presence at past meetings had made past proceedings illegal. The election, therefore, of the Committee itself was illegal:—and it remained only to get together the members generally and petition for a new Charter.

Now, how under these extraordinary circumstances did the Committee proceed? Why, it had stomach

for all illegalities that concerned only itself—swallowed them without making mouths, and digested them without even a wriggle. Instead of calling a general meeting, the Committee proceeded, of its own authority, to act as if it had been legally elected; and further, prepared and circulated amongst the officers of the Society a list, called a House List, with a recommendation to the members to adopt the same at the annual election. This list was adopted—the parties so recommended were elected. From that hour the whole funds of the Society have been absolutely at the disposal of the Committee:—neither the President, the Vice-Presidents, the other twenty members of Council (with the exception of the four whom the Committee was pleased to select and recommend for election), nor any member of the general body has had a knowledge even of the disposition of those funds. According to the present reading of the Charter, the members of the Council cannot attend the meetings of the Committee, nor can the Council meet by itself. There is no form by which the Council can be summoned to meet:—and therefore, we scarcely need add, it never has met.

Will any man affect to believe that this was intended by the law officers of the Crown when the Charter was granted? Was it intended that a Council so selected and elected should have not only no power of control, but no power even to meet as a Council,—no knowledge of the proceedings of the Committee,—no knowledge of the appropriation of the funds of the Society? Was the Council created only to be a nullity? The assumption of any such intention is too absurd for argument: but if the Charter does so decree—if there be some quirk or quibble by which its most emphatic words lose all meaning—some legal poison by which the Committee can destroy its very life—why, then it is a manifest oversight—some slip of the pen, which demands to be instantly remedied.

The Committee, however, not content with thus possessing itself of all power, resolved to exercise that power in the most arbitrary and unconstitutional manner. The Charter, if there be any meaning in it at all, is clear in its directions that members of Council shall be elected from those members "who have previously served for three years at least on the Committee,"—and members of the Committee from the "members at large." Now, as if wantonly to set the laws at defiance, the House List of the Committee recommended for election into the Committee nine of the members of the Council—and to fill the vacancies thus created in the Council they recommended five of the "members at large"! Of course the parties so nominated were elected. Further, as if to show the hopeless confusion into which they had fallen in their utter disregard of "legality"—while the Charter directs that four members of Council shall be elected to serve on Committee, the members of Council and Committee were elected at one and the same time by one and the same act,—the delivering in of the printed House List. Our readers will see that it was impossible to elect members "out of the Council,"—because it was not known, and could not be known, who were the members of Council until the names were announced by the scrutineers after the election!

The apology offered for this direct violation of the Charter (by electing members of Council into the Committee and members of the "body at large" into the Council,) was to the effect,—that in this way the Committee proposed to bring back into active life those senior members of the Society whose services under the new interpretation of the law would be lost as members of Council. But at such a moment, when in deference to a legal quibble the Society had been thrown into utter confusion, the only question properly before this lawyer-ridden Committee was this,—is such a proceeding legal? We have given the words of the Charter:—and each of our readers can answer the question for himself.

As the following election was sure to test the sincerity of these professions, we awaited its issue with some curiosity. If the course announced were persevered in, the results would be that one or more of those members of Council who had been most energetic in protesting against the proceedings of the Committee and in favour of a new Charter must be elected. Did the Committee recommend the

next senior members of Council for election into the Committee? They did not! Their House List contained the names of all the members of Council and four other names selected from "the members at large." Of course, the selection was from the members at large,—as this new form foreshadowed; and thus it was proved that the reason assigned on the former occasion was a mere colourable pretext.

Thus the Committee—on the plea of a tender conscience and a profound respect for even a doubtful direction of the Charter—got rid of all controlling power, all possibility of interference by the senior members of the Society; yet retained its own power, of which it had become illegally possessed,—and holds it still: and that they might have associated with them only such persons as they pleased, they set at defiance the clearest and most positive directions of the Charter.

The Committee, we suppose, are acting under the advice of the Honorary Solicitor who prepared the celebrated Case and took counsel's opinion on it. We have never had much faith in the "opinion" of honours solicitors; and our confidence has not been strengthened by the proceedings in this case—in which a Society has for thirty years had the benefit of such counsel and advice, and is now informed that it has not done one legal act during its whole existence. It appears that some of the members of Council agree with us; and they resolved, therefore, to have another "opinion" on the proceedings of the Committee. Though by all ordinary rules of calculation two counsellors ought to be equal to one Treasurer, they did not feel justified in taking such "opinion" at the cost of the Society. They therefore consulted their own solicitor; and by his direction submitted a "case" to a gentleman of high standing at the Chancery bar, whose opinion they were assured would have weight with the profession. That opinion is as follows. We omit names, because it is unpleasant to be dragged personally before the public.

"I apprehend that the election of the Committee while the 23rd bye-law remained unrescinded was void. The Committee were elected as a body to act with the President, Vice-Presidents, Registrars, Treasurers, members of Council, and Auditors; and not as a body to act with the Registrars and Treasurers alone, as required by the Charter."

"I am of opinion that after the declared illegality of the 23rd bye-law, and the secession of the members of the Council, except the four, the Committee was not legally constituted."

"I consider that the election of Council and Committee together by one and the same list at one and the same time is CONTRARY TO THE TRUE MEANING AND INTENT OF THE CHARTER. In order that four of the Committee may be elected out of the Council, I think the Council should be elected, and the result of the election known, before the election of the Committee takes place."

That we might not needlessly weary our readers, we have merely given the "opinion":—but both Case and Opinion were read publicly at the last meeting of the Society. Whether such "opinion" will have that weight with the profession generally which was anticipated, we know not: it had no weight with the honours profession,—for the Honorary Solicitor himself moved that the Chairman should proceed with the ordinary business! And without one word of reply, comment or explanation,—the ordinary business was proceeded with!

The result we have before adverted to,—and now repeat. The Committee illegally appointed has illegally possessed itself of absolute power,—illegally retains that power; and the President, Vice-President, and members of Council know no more of its proceedings or of the appropriation of the funds of the Society than "the members of the body at large"—or the public.

There are simple people who may ask,—Where is the practical mischief? Where is the proof of wrong done? How can we tell when we know not what is done? If the members of the Committee were to throw the whole 35,000*l.* or 40,000*l.* the property of the Society, into hotchpot, and divide it amongst themselves, how could we learn that they had done so? Even the Council could not know it. Of course we are not insinuating that they have done—or are ever likely to do—anything of the kind; but we state broadly and simply that they may if

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they please. There is no possible check or control to prevent it. We will go yet further:—we will say that honourable men may serve on a committee without their presence affording protection against flagrant abuses. Nay, honourable men—or rather honourable names—are the very tools with which lawless and jobbers work. There have been great and shameful abuses in the management of the Literary Fund Society. Why may there not be such again? There were honourable men on the Committee when these occurred—as there are now; names, indeed, who are officers of the Society now were officers then. We throw no censure on those gentlemen; but it is for others, if any such there be, who assert that like abuses cannot occur now, to explain how under the circumstances here stated they occurred before.

We will next week offer a comparative analysis of the published balance-sheet of the Literary Fund. The balance-sheet says little,—but enough to enable us to form some opinion as to the management of the Society and its tendency.

### FOLK-LORE.

#### The "Mauthe Doog."

Most of the readers of Sir Walter Scott are acquainted with the Mauthe Doog—for centuries an inhabitant of Peel Castle in the Isle of Man. This creature, in the form of an enormous dog—black, shaggy and gigantic—was observed to issue nightly from a subterranean passage leading to the guard-room, to which it returned with the dawn of morning, wandering over the sands in search of prey during the night. This circumstance, says Waldron in his description of the Isle of Man, "made them look upon this place as its peculiar residence." Above a century ago, one of the garrison having, in a drunken frolic, ventured to confront it alone—determined, as he said, "to try whether it were dog or devil,"—returned shortly afterwards speechless, and died within three days in the greatest agonies. "The Mauthe Doog was never after seen in the castle, nor would any one go through that passage, for which reason it was closed up." "This accident," says Waldron, "I heard attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had hairs on his head."

Though thus walled out of his castle, the Doog still haunts the neighbourhood, and (with singularly good taste for so uncouth a creature) may be met with taking moonlight rambles across the Duddon Sands and Morecambe Bay. A year or two ago I spent some months in this neighbourhood at a most picturesque and unsophisticated little watering-place, called Silverdale, near the head of the bay. Here, after a day's ramble spent in sketching and botanizing, I used sometimes to enjoy an evening's gossip over a turf fire with an old "statesman," one of those small landed proprietors common in the North who can claim an uninterrupted descent from father to son for centuries—many of them having remained on the paternal estate from generation to generation since the Saxon era. The dangerous nature of the Lancaster sands is well known, and accidents have frequently happened to parties crossing them without a guide, as the high tides rise very rapidly (with what is technically called a *bore*), and the channel of the river is perpetually changing—leaving in its place a quicksand. It is on these occasions that the Mauthe Doog is said to prowl over the broad sands; and the concurrent traditions and actual testimony of the whole district assert that the night before one of these fatal accidents his unearthly howlings have been heard over the whole extent of the bay,—

Sagacious of his quarry from a far.

My venerable old friend, who with his agricultural pursuits united the occupation of a fisherman, assured me that he had himself often heard this warning voice; and mentioned amongst others the following instance.—

It was a clear summer's night thirty or forty years ago, that he was out on the bay with three comrades, pursuing their avocation, when this creature's voice was heard—first distant, then gradually drawing nearer, sometimes howling above their heads, sometimes appearing to come from below the sands

under their feet;—then it became like the roaring of waves mingled with groans and shrieks. They distinctly heard "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" repeated several times. "I tell the tale, as 'twas told to me." The old man declared that they could not be mistaken, they knew the sound of old,—it could not be thunder,—it could not be the sea,—it could not be any noise on land. They were many miles from the shore, the tide was out, and the night was calm and moonlight. On their return home in the morning, they found that the same sounds had been heard at intervals throughout the night by those on shore. In expectation of some boding catastrophe, numbers of the scattered population assembled on the beach. In the village of Warton, a few miles distant, lived a wild and dissipated young fellow known by the sobriquet of "Wicked Will." Wicked Will had gone over to Ulverstone fair with some of his companions, where they had spent the night in tippling. In the morning, having loitered on their way, they reached the beach after the usual time of crossing. Wicked Will, however, resisted every persuasion to remain; and with drunken obstinacy swore he would cross though the devil himself should come to fetch him. When they had reached within a couple of miles of the opposite shore,—the tide was rapidly coming up,—the line of channel was covered with water, and they soon got out of their depth. The guide, who had seen them from a distance, galloped across to help them; and the fishermen, who were watching on the shore, came with ropes and boats to their assistance. All was, however, in vain; Wicked Will, though twice dragged out of the current, was too bewildered to know which way to turn,—he struggled again into deep water, and was drowned. He was buried in Warton Churchyard; where, I am told, there is a gravestone on the western side recording his death. This is but one of many instances which are vouched for by hundreds, and implicitly believed. I should add, however, that they have latterly become very rare; and, indeed, as my informant very naively added, the creature seems "to ha' part g'ien up o' late." Should Mr. Stephenson succeed in carrying out his bold project of a railway across the head of the Bay, he will probably be entirely driven away from his so long accustomed haunts. E. F.

The "Mauthe Doog" in the preceding legend is obviously connected with the *Wutendes Heer* of German superstition,—of which "The Wild Huntsman," made familiar to English readers by Weber's "Der Freischütz," is the most familiar type. The howling or bellowing of dogs at night is regarded as a bad omen by the peasantry in every part of England.

### LINCOLNSHIRE SUPERSTITIONS.

#### Wedding Custom.

Amongst the many superstitions of the county of Lincoln there is one not yet noticed in your Folk-Lore. When a bride leaves the house to be married they wash the flags at the entrance of the house,—and the first single lady who enters afterwards will be the next married.

#### Bees.

At all weddings and funerals they give a piece of the wedding-cake or funeral-biscuit to the bees, informing them at the same time of the name of the party married or dead. If the bees do not know of the former, they become very irate and sting everybody within their reach; and if they are ignorant of the latter they become sick and many of them die.

E. O.

#### Charm for the Removal of Warts.

The idea that warts may be charmed away is very prevalent in the neighbourhood of Manchester,—but the possessors of the valuable secret are generally unwilling to part with it. The following method was told me by an old man of upwards of seventy years of age; who states that he has often tried it, and that it has almost always proved successful. First, count the warts to be removed,—and then on a piece of thin twine make a corresponding number of loose knots. Touch each wart with one of the knots; and place the twine in a stagnant pool of water or any other place where it will rapidly decompose,—saying at the same time these words, "There is none to redeem it beside thee." H.

#### Another Charm for the Removal of Warts.

In that part of Ross-shire commonly known as the Black Isle it is popularly believed that warts are infallibly cured by rubbing the part affected secretly against the body of a man who has had the misfortune, after marriage, to become the father of an illegitimate child.

J. MAC COMBIE.

### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

#### Saragosa.

It is hardly possible, I should imagine, to meet with a more striking and unmistakable lesson on the value of free institutions, even in their most stunted and modified form, than that presented to the traveller who passes from the Basque provinces and Navarre into Arragon. It is in truth one of those which he who runs may read. It may be, that some have marked causes and consequences in the world's history so little, or so amiss, as not to understand that the smiling and comparatively prosperous Basque peasant and the scowling Arragonese savage are as they are, and what they are, in consequence of the ancient and jealously guarded "fueros" of the one and the crushing despotism which has for so many ages blasted the other. But that such a difference exists, all must have observed who have seen the two districts. The green hills of "the provinces"—as the Basque country is called *par excellence*—once left behind us, and the arid plains and naked wastes of hungry Arragon once entered,—adieu to the upright jaunty gait and the stalwart elastic forms nourished on a daily mid-day ration of beans and bacon and a morning and evening meal of bread and milk, the usual fare of the Basque peasantry,—adieu to the courteous salutation, the gay holiday dances, and the merry sound of the village fife and drum,—adieu to the clean cookery and decent inns of the privileged corner of Spain! Instead of all this, we pass amid the gaunt forms of poverty, want and savagery, typified in the peculiarly repulsive features and manners of the Arragonese labourers,—and are met every moment by evidences of their low position in the scale of civilization.

Having returned to Bayonne from a first excursion into "the provinces,"—of which I sent you some account in a former letter,—we again started thence by a road recently opened, or at least recently rendered carriageable, to Pampeluna, the capital of Navarre. This route, far preferable to the old longer but much less hilly way by Tolosa, passes through the fertile valley of the Bastan, climbing two spurs of the Pyrenees,—first the Maia chain to get into the valley, and then that of Relate to get out of it. All this district, especially that of the Relate chain, is very pretty; chiefly owing to the magnificent beech and oak woods, and the mixture of grey cliffs and crags here and there peering out from among them. As Pampeluna is neared the country becomes less interesting; and the immediate neighbourhood of the city is ugly,—low rolling hills, brown and partly barren. The town itself is a clean, well built, inhabitable little city,—far more characteristically Spanish than St. Sebastian,—with an extremely pretty "alameda" (i.e. promenade) called "La Taconera," and a comfortable and clean little inn on the fine Plaza del Castillo. Cheap and well supplied also it must be,—since one may live well on all the fat of the land in the best room of the hotel for four francs a day, everything included. The Cathedral is small; and more remarkable, to those familiar with the rest of Europe and newly arrived in Spain, for the peculiarities of its arrangement and the practices of its worshippers than for anything else. A leading feature in Spanish churches is always the "retablo,"—a huge erection of carving, gilding and painting in wood or stone, rising immediately behind the high altar, generally to the height of the roof. This "retablo" is often very handsome in its way; but to those acquainted with the fine churches of the North of Europe, it must ever appear a miserable substitute for the beautiful east window or windows which it supersedes. The Lady-chapel, together with the range of chapels circling behind the high altar, which form so exquisitely beautiful a feature in many of our cathedrals, is almost always wanting in the north of Spain;—possibly because the entire church is but a Lady-chapel in this land of ultra-Mariolatry. Thus the "retablo" generally forms the eastern extremity of the



building. The inclosed choir is often an eye-sore in our churches:—it is yet more so in those of Spain. Placed generally farther from the altar, it is often near the west end of the nave; and consists of a solidly walled inclosure, which blocks up and embarrasses the perspective of the church sadly. It is shut in at the eastern end by an iron railing—"reja"—often magnificently worked, with a gate in the middle opposite to the altar. From this gate to the altar, often a distance of more than a third of the entire church, a passage inclosed by a double railing some four feet high leads. This passage thus partitioned off and secured from the laity serves for the constant processional marching to and fro from the choir to the altar of the officiating clergy. On either side of this railed passage is the favourite place for the females of the congregation, and it is usually floored to accommodate their habit of squatting on the ground during the service. And next at Pampeluna may be observed that genuine pagan practice which has descended unadulterated from ante-Christian times, together with so many other less palpably undisguised remnants of the old religion of the country,—the custom of offering loaves or meal to the manes of deceased relatives for the purpose of getting them, as it is now phrased, out of Purgatory. Meantime, these offerings more obviously help to keep the officiating priest therefrom:—for he sends a chorister round with a sack to collect them all, at a certain part of the service, and they are carried off—to be seen no more by profane eyes. Most of the fair mourners, who placed these offerings before them as they squatted on the floor, brought with them also four huge red wax candles, with a like number of brass candlesticks, which they lighted and arranged symmetrically before them on black rugs, also brought to church with them. All this apparatus filled large baskets, which the worshippers as they arrived, having looked around and chosen their ground—an unoccupied space, that is, large enough for their purpose—proceeded to unpack most methodically, twitching a corner here and a corner there, till the rug was spread to their liking, arranging and re-arranging their offerings and their candles, and often rising, after they had completed their preparations and knelt down, to retouch some article which seemed not set out to the best advantage.

On quitting the church, I was no little amused at a placard affixed to the door containing the most characteristically Spanish bookseller's puff, of a kind wholly unknown, *mirable dictu!* to Paternoster Row. After duly advertising the title and price of a History of a certain image of the Virgin, and of the miracles which it performed, the publisher stated, that by the Bishop's authority he was enabled to promise forty days' indulgence for each of the eighty sections composing the work to all purchasers who should devoutly read the same!

The road from Pampeluna to Tudela, a town situated on the Ebro and on the borders of the province of Arragon, is wholly uninteresting. The first part lies through a country covered previously to the war of independence with ilex woods, but now naked. The latter half passes through some of the most miserable country it was ever my lot to look on. Wide tracts of utterly naked reddish brown gravel, and deserts covered with thinly sprinkled tufts of coarse parched couch, constituted a great part of it. In this district,—which when we passed over it had not seen rain for eight months,—water is fertility, food and wealth, and the want of it utter barrenness, distress and starvation. Wherever there are the means of irrigation and sufficient industry and skill to turn them to account, the soil brings forth abundantly.

The traveller may, if he please, proceed by diligence in about thirty hours from Pampeluna to Saragossa. But it is better, if he be not too much alarmed at the prospect of a bug-haunted bed at Tudela, to quit the coach there, and to proceed the next or some following morning to Saragossa by the boat which plies on the "Imperial Canal" between that city and Tudela. He will start at 4 A.M., and arrive about 2 P.M. at his destination.

Undeterred by broiling heat by day and little rest by night, we remained three days before proceeding to Saragossa, for the sake of visiting the little known and curious old city of Tarazona, situated some twelve miles to the south of Tudela. It is a city of

about twelve thousand souls, accessible only by roads scarcely to be traversed by other wheels than those of a cart. A huge kind of ponderous gig, consisting of a high canopied seat, which had been gaudy in some former century with scarlet velvet and yellow silk, and which we conjectured to have whilom formed the throne of some Moorish king perhaps, raised on two enormous wheels and lashed behind a tall vigorous mule, did, it is true,—the driver walking or running by the side the while—convey us thither, with no other mishap than a few bruises and sore bones, in four hours. Once there, the recollection of the past four hours of misery and of the other four to be encountered on our return were forgotten in the excitement and interest of gazing about us. The day of our arrival chanced to be that of St. Albert, the patron of the labourers in this part of the world; and we were just in time to see the procession in his honour coming from the Cathedral. The grave authorities in ancient red velvet gowns and bearing huge gilt maces went first; and then a crowd of peasants all in their best, dancing, screaming, and whirling sticks in a manner much calculated to remind one of an Indian war dance. The position of the decaying old brick town on a precipitous bluff, washed at its base by the river Queyles, is exceedingly picturesque. The ruins of the Moorish *alcázar* occupy the summit; but the more modern though very ancient bishop's palace, a strange irregular mass of grey brick, highly ornamented, with medallion heads and arabesque looking brickwork, is the most prominent object in the view of the town. The Cathedral, though strongly marked in many portions of the building by Moorish characteristics, is for the most part Gothic; and belongs to that rich period when the abundance of wealth poured into Spain from the recently discovered treasures of the New World encouraged the most lavish expenditure of labour in ornament and finish. Countless sums were more especially bestowed on ecclesiastical edifices; covering the solid walls with the most exquisite lace-work of sculptured stone,—often probably in the hope that such an employment of part of the wealth acquired beyond the seas by means that irked the owner's conscience might buy off the punishment which the sinner himself deemed his righteous due. The small Cathedral of Tarazona is a curious specimen of this reckless expenditure of wealth and labour. Sculptured frieze and fretted pinnacle, delicately turned arch and exquisitely chiselled column, have been multiplied as if for the purpose of expending as much labour as possible on a given space. The result is, a whole, strange, quaint, and irregular in the extreme,—but rich in picturesque bits and artistic effects of light and shade almost beyond any building I ever saw; unless it be, indeed, St. Mark's at Venice,—of which, I hardly know why, this queer old church at once reminded both me and my companion.

On our return to Tudela in the evening, the scene at our host's supper table was a most amusing and intensely Spanish one. The guests were in number about four and twenty, including two ladies, the mother and sister of an officer in the army, who was travelling with them. More than one fat Navarrese farmer there might have represented Sancho Panza to the life; while the officer just mentioned was quite rueful of countenance enough, only rather too short, to have personified the immortal Knight. No two things, so nearly the same can differ so much as a *table d'hôte* in France and one—especially at a small town, as here—in Spain. If the principal matter in a dinner be the food placed before you, the French affair is very much superior. But if regard be had to the society, the Spanish table is entitled to as decided a preference. Not that even in that respect the outward appearance is in favour of Spain. A far more unbroken array of "decent" coats and of irreproachable hats—duly exhibited on the heads of their respective proprietors—will be found at the French table. Many a light jacket, many an unkerchiefed throat, and very possibly below the salt more than one pair of shirt-sleeves may be seen at a Spanish inn supper. But no gross-feeding bagman bolting a hurried meal will snatch the dish from which you are about to help yourself. There will be no danger of hearing conversation calculated to make a modest woman blush or an honest man indignant. Nor will a foreigner have to swallow a silent meal, while all

are talking around him on topics in which he can take no interest. A stranger at a Spanish table will probably find the company all vying with each other, like so many courteous hosts, in endeavouring to do the honours of the country to him. More especially if a lady be in the case will the most respectful attention be paid. Among themselves, it seems as if strangers who never saw each other before make acquaintance, and set themselves on easy terms of familiar joking and bantering much more easily and quickly than their neighbours north of the Pyrenees. And if, for the good fortune of the foreigner, there chance to be an Andalusian present, he is sure in five minutes to be the joke-master general to the whole company. If, however, a grave *reteneu* or moderated voice be deemed essential to decorum and respectability, the visitor must not hope for it at such a table as I am describing. Every one screams his joke across the table, and laughs his laugh without stint. The host presses you to fill your glass,—and permits himself a jesting admonition to a water-drinking lady, whom he adjures to forswear all thin potatoes.

It was towards the end of such a supper at Tudela, when the fruit and liqueurs had been put upon the table and most of the *convives* had produced their "cigarillos," that an incident occurred calculated to complete the character of the scene in such a manner that nothing might be wanting to our specimen of Spanish life. Suddenly, amid the chaos of tongues, a man entered,—the host rose, and yielded to him his seat at table, and there was a cry of—"Silence for the *Administrador!*" This gentleman was nothing else than the coach-office director, who had come to make a communication to the company. All the chattering ceased immediately; and then it was announced with all beseeching gravity that notice had been received of the fact that a band of twelve or fourteen brigands were lurking in the hills between Tudela and Pampeluna,—and that there was every reason to suppose they would attack the coach which was to start for the latter town at eleven that night! The faces of a good many at table became somewhat longer at this news; as the majority of those at supper were about to travel with the diligence to Pampeluna, and probably with full purses,—for it was just before the Pampeluna fair. The director then announced that he had four "guardias civiles" at his disposition; and that he proposed separating the passengers from the baggage, and sending the latter in a second coach with the guards. This to me appeared a most senseless plan,—dividing the force, and for no very intelligible purpose. So thought a few of the passengers,—and a lively debate ensued. The majority, however, were in favour of the director's plan; which was eventually adopted,—with what ultimate result I know not. The fact, however, of a band of robbers being in the country between Pampeluna and Tudela was certain enough; for they had been surprised by the civil force a short time before in a mill,—upon which occasion two of the gang had been captured. One of the "guardias civiles" was killed in the encounter by one of the men taken:—and the murderer had been executed for the crime at Tudela a couple of days before we arrived there.

All this was "exceedingly gratifying"—naturally so," as being Spanish, characteristic,—and so forth; but we were not sorry that the banditti were known to be in the country through which we had passed, instead of in that which we were about to traverse. We departed by the canal boat at four the next morning,—and as my letter is already fully long enough, I must defer anything I may have to say about Saragossa to another occasion,—contenting myself for the present with the fact, that we arrived there in due course, after traversing a detestably ugly country, through which the canal runs, without let or hindrance of any kind.

T.A.T.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE meeting of the British Association, we may remind our readers, opens at Birmingham next week. Next Saturday we shall commence our accustomed report of its proceedings, with the President's Speech. The Sections will assemble on Thursday, as usual, and continue their meetings till the Tuesday following inclusive.—We take this opportunity of repeating to members our hint of the desirableness of being prepared with abstracts of their several papers, by



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way of insuring the accuracy of our reports.—Amongst the intended excursions, we hope it is true that there will be on this occasion a repetition of the visit to the coal mines at Dudley,—which formed one of the most interesting objects in the circuit embraced by the Association on its last visit to Birmingham.

We understand that in May last various ancient documents were discovered in a vaulted chamber at the side of the original entrance to the Chapter House at Westminster. This apartment—which is on a level with the chamber of the Pix—is a portion of the old Anglo-Norman structure of the Abbey,—and may have formed part of the ancient Treasury. The documents so discovered were probably forgotten when the records were removed from the Treasury to the Chapter House. We are informed that the quantity found would make two or three bibles. They were chiefly writs of the time of Edward the Third; but it is said that numerous ancient deeds, with pendent seals in good preservation, were found at the same time.—We are induced to notice this circumstance because we have not yet heard that the documents in question have been deposited in the Chapter House. Indeed, we know not where they may be;—but we should be glad to hear that the Deputy-Keeper of the Records has taken steps to ascertain whether they are the property of the nation or of the Dean and Chapter.

The silence of the oracles in answer to the pleading of an anxious inquiry is in some instances an answer almost as significant as an adverse oracle delivered in terms. The tidings few and far between that reach us from the region of the iceberg have some of them the name of Sir John Franklin written on their cold and melancholy records. Nothing occurs to thaw the secret which, like everything else in those latitudes, seems frozen up beyond our ken.

The *Montreal Courier* of August the 16th mentions that Sir George Simpson had returned from his annual tour of inspection through the Hudson's Bay territories and north-western settlements of that continent. "We learn with regret from him," says the *Courier*, "that no clue had been obtained to the whereabouts of the late Sir John Franklin and his gallant companions. Sir John Richardson, indeed, on his way back from the frozen regions, and may be expected in Montreal early in September. His exploring party will, however, continue their search under the orders of Dr. Rae, of the Hudson's Bay Company, Sir John's second in command, throughout the summer. Although it would be almost criminal to abandon hope in such an enterprise, it is impossible to conceal from oneself the unwelcome truth, that the chances of a successful issue become fearfully diminished by the lapse of time."

The following extract of a letter from A. C. Harris, Esq. to S. Birch, Esq., dated Alexandria, 16th of August, 1849,—and relating to the discovery of an ancient Papyrus, containing part of the *Iliad*, in Egypt,—has been communicated to us.

"Since I had the pleasure of writing to you last, I have purchased a very interesting papyrus, which became known to me by a note from the Rev. E. Winder, our chaplain, of the tenor following:—"The bearer of this note has a curious Greek MS. which he tells me he found in the hand of a sanny at Manfalout. It may perhaps be of more use to you than to me, and I therefore send him to you with it. I cannot get him to fix a price, and I do not know how to value it myself." I pass on to the description of the papyrus. Its whole length, as it has reached me, is about three feet, and it is ten inches broad. The paper is not of the best sort, and is so impregnated with the oil of the bitumen that the letters are scarcely darker than the ground upon which they are written, and it is only by studying particular lights that the writing becomes at all distinct to be read. If the naphtha could be driven off without injuring the writing, all difficulty would be removed except that the characters are strange and complicated by grammatical signs which sometimes seem to run into the letters. A tracing may still be made in a strong light, but it would be a long and tedious process.

There are seven pages of Greek writing, with an interval between each page, as in my papyrus containing the oration of Hyperides; and below the last page there is written ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Σ. Turning, then, to the 18th book of the *Iliad*, I find that the papyrus commences with the 311th and ends with the 616th, or last, line of that book. At the beginning of this letter you will find a tracing of the first two and last two lines.

The several pages contain as follows: page 1 lines 311 to 335; page 2, 336 to 400; page 3, 401 to 431; page 4, 432 to 404; page 5, 495 to 530; page 6, 540 to 564; page 7, 585 to 616. Lines 360, 439, 508, 577, and 608 are omitted, evidently by mistake, from the body of their respective pages,—but are supplied in the margin above or below them; lines

381, 427, and 441, also omitted, are, from a like inadvertence, absent altogether.

The man who sold me this papyrus declares that he has delivered all that he found, except a few broken pieces which he did not consider to be of any money value. If this be true, I fear that he has thrown away half the book.

The recent death of Sir Cuthbert Sharpe, an antiquary well known in the north of England, must not be allowed to pass without a few words of notice at our hands. He was the son of Cuthbert Sharpe and Susanna Crosby, the sister of Brass Crosby, Lord Mayor of London in 1771,—who was, during his mayoralty, imprisoned in the Tower for vindicating the free publication of Parliamentary debates. Sir Cuthbert was educated at the school of the late Dr. Burney, at Greenwich,—and subsequently studied at the University of Edinburgh. He visited France at the peace of Amiens; on the rupture of which he became included in the list of *détenus*,—and remained a prisoner on parole for some years. Eventually settling at Hartlepool, he became mayor of that town; and was knighted on presenting to the Prince Regent an address from the Corporation in 1816. In 1823 he was appointed collector of Customs at the port of Sunderland,—and in 1845 was promoted to the same office at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Sir Cuthbert was the author of the 'History of Hartlepool,'—'Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569,'—a 'Mémorial of Brass Crosby,'—'The Bishopric Garland,'—and other antiquarian works. He was the intimate friend of Mr. Surtees, of Mainsforth, the historian of the county of Durham,—to whom he is said to have rendered much valuable assistance in the progress of his work. Sir Cuthbert Sharpe died at Newcastle on the 17th of August, at the age of 68. It is understood that he has left an extensive collection of MSS., chiefly relating to the history of the county of Durham.

The Paris papers announce the death, at St. Cloud, in the sixty-second year of his age, of Sir Graves Chamney Haughton, Fellow of the Royal Society in England and a member of the National Institute of France. Sir Graves Haughton passed a portion of his life in India; where he published an edition of the 'Laws of Menu' in Sanscrit, with an English translation revised upon that of Sir William Jones, and other works on oriental literature. The *Journal des Débats* says that he had for years been engaged on a work in which he proposed to explain in detail his views on specific languages and on language in general:—an Introduction to which he published in 1837 under the title of an 'Inquiry on the Nature of Language.'

The same papers announce the premature death, at the age of 27, by cholera, of M. A. Fonteyraud, a writer of great promise of the English school of Political Economy. He had translated Ricardo into French, with notes which had obtained for him an early reputation.

The American papers report the death of the oldest of the statesmen of the Union, Mr. Albert Gallatin—known for his long devotion to literary interests and pursuits, and who filled for some years the chair of French Literature in Harvard University.

One by one, the men who have saved themselves from the many wrecks that have been made in the wide revolutionary tempest are coming in to this their common haven of refuge. To these safe and hospitable shores turn all "the strong swimmers in their agony." There is something in the confidence with which this universal appeal is made to British sympathy that awakens an answering generosity equal to the occasion,—and something in the sense of the immunity which through all these troubled times we have owed to our free institutions (imperfectly developed as in many respects they are) that converts our gratitude to the gain of the victims of the storm. A committee has been formed in London to relieve the destitution of the refugees who have fled from the restoration in Rome. The appeal rests on a basis far wider than the political. They who differ as to the principles which these men are beggared for defending may yet look upon them in the large feeling of philanthropy in this hour of their distress. Many who will not avow their cause are yet willing witnesses to the courage—and better still, the noble moderation—with which they maintained it. Such men, now that the cause is lost will give its due weight to the conduct. The readers of the *Athenæum* know well that we are not politi-

cians: but Italy by a thousand ties appeals to all our sympathies—and these suffering men, even we may say, are not the least worthy of her sons.

The Goethe Centenary seems to have been a failure in the German towns. The promoters have found it impossible to get up the amount of enthusiasm on which the success of a demonstration like this depends. Whether in calmer days the name of Goethe would have been a spell potent enough to conjure up the earnest spirits of a universal jubilee cannot be decided on the authority of the present failure. The minds of men in Germany have of late gone through such varieties of excitement, that appeals made even to a deep-seated sympathy are for the moment without their natural force. In all the hundred years since Goethe was born there has not probably been a time in which the conditions have been so unfavourable for celebrating that event as the present. At Berlin and at Frankfurt—high quarters as they should have been of such a celebration—the affair was "stale, flat, and unprofitable." In these days when society is moved in all its depths, there is no room for individualisms. Chateaubriand—who had been making years of preparation for an apotheosis, and himself inspected the getting-up of some of the properties,—slipped out of the world unseen at last. Men were too busy to enact the drama for which he had written some of the parts.—Goethe was born two years too late for such part of his glory as depended on this centenary observance. He must wait another hundred years. Society will perhaps have settled its tastes by that time. Meantime, the credentials of Goethe are of a kind that will not decay. They will keep for the next centenary.—We must not omit to mention that the Germans in Manchester got up a festival celebration of this birthday,—and that the Englishmen of the same town gave it a cosmopolitan character by their presence.

There is no fact which we record with more pleasure, as at once evidence of a civilization already reached and the certain foundation of a higher civilization to be achieved, than the planting of a public institution for intellectual objects in the heart of a toiling population. Such institutions are the true Trees of Liberty—on which the fruit grows surely and abundantly, and where men learn to see and understand the quality of ripeness ere they pluck and eat. The fruits of freedom flourish best on grafts into the tree of knowledge.—We are glad, then, to mention a movement of this kind which is progressing under the most favourable auspices, as we are given to understand, in the large and busy borough of Salford. The Mayor and Corporation having resolved to establish, under the provisions of Mr. Ewart's Act, a public Museum and Library accessible to all classes of society—as a means of promoting the moral, social and intellectual condition of the people at large,—and the Town Council having resolved to do all which the Act empowers for the permanent maintenance and usefulness of the undertaking—an association of gentlemen in the town, of all shades of opinion, has come forward to their aid. The work, thus undertaken as the universal expression and satisfaction of a social want, is sure to be well done; and we hope to see the example of its success stimulating all the large communities throughout the kingdom to assist in carrying out the wholesome spirit of Mr. Ewart's bill.

We may take the opportunity which the mention of this new institution affords of recording the powerful co-operation and consequent success by which the as yet short career of the Ipswich Museum has been attended. This establishment was founded, our readers may remember, in December 1847, towards the free instruction of the working classes in the science of Natural History, by providing for them a good museum, library, lectures and classes. The object was no sooner known than cordial offers of co-operation came from the most eminent naturalists:—and the promises so made have been liberally fulfilled as opportunities allowed.—We may mention, that Mr. George Ransome, the honorary secretary of the Ipswich Museum, impressed with a sense of the disinterested assistance of these eminent persons in a cause which he has much at heart, has been induced to present to the members of the institution the portraits of the gentlemen to whom they largely owe its success as at once a tribute and a record. The persons commemorated are

the Bishop of Norwich, Sir Roderick Murchison, the Prince of Canino, Messrs. Yarrell, Gould, Henslow, Foster, Bowerbank, Lee, Jardine, Kirby, Wallich, and many others of mark. It was originally intended to have confined the issue of these prints to the members of the Museum; but so many applications have been made for copies by the friends of those whose portraits have been taken that it has been determined to issue a limited number of large India proofs—the profit arising from the sale to be devoted to the funds of the institution. The drawings are made by Mr. Maguire—of whose talents we have often had before to report favourably:—and though it belongs properly to our Fine-Art department,—yet being here on the subject, we will say that they well sustain his reputation. The heads are all well drawn—with a true perception of the several individualities. They are touched with spirit—yet executed with delicacy and elaboration.

**DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.**—Now Exhibiting, the VALLEY of ROSENLAUI, Bernese Oberland, with the effects of a storm in the Alps; and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at FLORENCE, with all the gradations of Light and Shade, from Noonday to Midnight.—N.B. The Grand Machine Organ, by Gray and Davison, will perform in both Pictures. Open from Ten till Six.

Open Daily from Eleven to Five, and every Evening, EXCEPT SATURDAY, from Seven till Half-past Ten.

**ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.**—First Series of DISSOLVING VIEWS illustrating ROME, with a Description embracing the most interesting points connected with the subject, Daily at Half-past Four, and in the Evening at a Quarter to Ten o'clock.—LECTURES on CHEMISTRY, by Mr. J. M. Ashley, Daily at Half-past Three, and in the Evening at Nine o'clock.—LECTURES with EXPERIMENTS, by Dr. Bachmayer, on the HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE, Daily at Two o'clock.—The CHROMATROPE.—Exhibition of the OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE.—DIVER and DIVING BELL.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

#### THE SEASONS.

In vernal ways the hiding violets blow,  
The cuckoo calls, the blackbird whistles loud:  
The golden days of summer come and go,  
And swift night passeth quiet like a cloud  
Luminous-edged, between their set and rise:  
Thereafter, in the early twilights soon  
A gentle gleam of cornfields round us lies,  
And by and by the glorifying moon:  
Last, winter rushes up with whistling darts,  
And smiteth the old year with its death,  
And maketh frozen Lapland in men's hearts  
That melt and thaw at Spring's delicious breath:  
And safe by blazing hearths from cruel skies,  
The new-born year like pitied foundling lies.

M. R.

**SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.**—In the great "Exposition" of the products of industry in Paris one of the most interesting features was the attempt to place before the public in the most striking manner the scientific applications which had within the few past years been made to purposes of the utmost utility. Enormous lenses and spherical mirrors illustrated the applications of optics to the construction of lighthouses along the French coast. Human anatomy, exhibiting all the great vital functions—with illustrative specimens of the progression of animal organization—was developed by the incomparable models of Auzoux and others. The philosophy of mechanics was in the same way most completely exemplified,—and the perfection of mechanical science shown by the introduction of every variety of engine, crane, &c., as they are actually employed.—The Birmingham Exhibition embraces a very satisfactory display of the results of our manufacturing industry; but we hope the contemplated Exhibition in 1851 will include the important feature of rendering the mysteries of science more familiar than they have hitherto been made to the great mass of the public.

M. Quételet, perpetual secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Belgium, has recently—as we intimated incidentally last week—communicated to that institution several important particulars connected with some anomalous conditions observed in the electricity of the atmosphere during the present year. Usually the atmospheric electricity is of the highest intensity in the month of January, and it arrives at its minimum in June. The values of these months are in the relation of 32 to 1 when the sky is perfectly serene, and of 8 to 1 when it is clouded. During the whole of last January the electricity was constantly less than in any previous year observed,—being below one-half of its ordinary

intensity. This diminished intensity has been observed up to the present time,—the minimum being extended beyond the ordinary period. As M. Quételet remarks, it is highly desirable that meteorological observers should record the electrical phenomena of the atmosphere with more regularity than has hitherto been done, and that the observations should be made with instruments which admit of careful comparison.

In our notice of the phenomena of electrical currents traversing the telegraph wires we alluded to the investigations of Professor Barlow in mistake for those of his son Mr. W. H. Barlow. We find that this gentleman's observations extend over several years; and to him certainly is due the merit of detecting these currents, and the direction in which they traverse the earth's surface. Mr. Barlow has proved that no deflection of the galvanometer can be produced by wires suspended entirely in the air,—or in wires having only one earth connexion; but that in every case where a wire has two earth connexions electrical currents are constantly to be detected. We may therefore infer that the currents are terrestrial.

The publication, on the 1st of August, of the *Correspondenza Scientifica in Roma* is a pleasing evidence of the return of tranquillity to that ancient city. The papers which the journal contains are interesting. Luigi Ceselli communicates one on the electrical telegraph,—and an elaborate memoir by Prof. A. de Gasparis on Differential Equations follows. There are several chemical papers of interest; and we have numerous notices from various parts of Italy showing that during the prevalence of cholera there has been a singular uniformity of diminished intensity in the electricity of the atmosphere.

The spirited manner in which the Bombay Geographical Society are endeavouring to extend over the Asiatic continent a perfect system of physical research deserves our especial notice. In the *Bombay Times* the Society advertises to supply all persons willing to undertake any branch of observation with carefully selected and compared instruments at the maker's wholesale prices. The Society is already directing observations on meteorology, the tides, and magnetism at seven observatories. The Government has agreed to meet the expenses of printing the extensive and valuable results: and the Geographical Society, being thus relieved from that expense, have determined to extend their excellent system of research,—from which the most important results may be expected.

MM. F. de la Provostaye and P. Desains have, through M. Regnault, presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris a memoir upon the polarization of heat. Pursuing the investigations of M. Bérard-Melloni and Prof. Forbes, they have satisfactorily resolved several important problems which prove that heat obeys the same laws as light with remarkable exactness. They arrive at the following conclusions:—1. That the heat which traverses Iceland spar is divided into two bundles of equal intensity, completely polarized in the plane of the principal section,—or in a perpendicular plane.—2. The law of Malus, that the intensity of a ray completely polarized is divided between the ordinary and extraordinary images which are produced in traversing the plates, is as applicable to heat as to light.—3. That the variations which prove the intensity of polarized heat in its reflexion from glass under different incidences are exactly represented by the formulae which Fresnel has given for light, admitting that the solar heat has traversed the prism at an index but slightly different from 1.5.—4. That there is the most perfect resemblance between the phenomena presented on reflecting upon polished metals polarized light and polarized heat.

M. E. Du Courret, who has been for some time engaged in the exploration of Central Africa, has communicated to the *Académie des Sciences* some curious particulars of a race of Ghilanes who possess the appendage of a tail about a decimètre in length. His description of the instance which he examined is as follows.—"To convince me of the existence of this species of man having this exterior prolongation of the vertebral column, the Emir sent for one of his slaves named Bellal, who was about thirty years of age, who possessed this tail and who belonged to this race. This slave spoke Arabic perfectly, and was very intelligent. I examined him, and was perfectly

convinced. He informed me, that his country was beyond Sennaar, through which he had passed,—and that a language was there spoken which he had completely forgotten. He estimated the number of his race at about thirty or forty thousand. He said they worshipped some the sun and moon, some the stars, others the serpent and the sources of a great river, to which they sacrificed their victims. They loved above all things human flesh; and after their battles with their neighbours, when they make prisoners they immolate and eat them without distinction of age or sex—women and children, however, being preferred because their flesh is more succulent." M. Du Courret made a drawing of this slave, which was submitted to the Academy. He concludes his narrative by stating that it would not be difficult to procure some individuals of this race of men, by application to the slave merchants who explore the countries on the borders of the Red Sea.

M. Blanquart-Evrard of Lille, who a few years since appropriated to himself the discovery of a photographic process involving every minute detail of the well-known Calotype, has now through M. Regnault communicated to the Academy of Sciences of Paris a process by which the difficulties connecting themselves with the use of paper appear to be removed by the use of plates of glass. The process of preparing these plates is in its general details as follows.—"In a large vessel the whites of several eggs are placed, and all the solid and non-transparent portions carefully removed. Add fifteen drops of a saturated solution of the iodide of potassium. These are to be well beaten together *en neige*, and then allowed to rest until the mixture returns to a liquid state. A sheet of glass being well cleaned with alcohol, the albumen is carefully spread over its surface and placed at a slight inclination to dry. When dry, it should present a very uniform surface, and be perfectly free from cracks or holes. This sheet of iodized albumen upon glass is next to be covered with the silver salt, and the formula of the Calotype is the one adopted. In practice it appears to be necessary to place the surface of the albumen in contact with the aceto-nitrate of silver solution in a large dish, and then to plunge the plate immediately into water. When dry, these glass plates are in precisely the same state as the iodized papers,—and are to be rendered sensitive with the gallo-nitrate of silver in the same manner. Pictures obtained in this manner are said to equal the finest Calotypes; and in copying them the irregularities of paper no longer interfere with the delicacy of the positive pictures.

#### FINE ARTS

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Cartoons of Raffaele.* Drawn and etched by John Burnet. Accompanied by a Critical Description of each subject.

THERE is perhaps no one contributor to the Art literature of our country who has rendered it more essential service than the author of the present work. Speculative as has been the nature of his essays for the most part—it is undeniable that his theories have tended to recognize the principles of action which he deems to have actuated the masters of former schools in the several departments of form, colour, or light and shade, and to lead the modern student to the adoption of his views. To make practically useful the codes of conduct which he has deduced from ancient practices has been the object of his works. Many a name now distinguished among us—more especially in the departments of inferior character—is indebted for his practical results to the pages of Mr. Burnet's works. The student no longer contents himself with mere mechanical imitation,—over which the mind is apt to slumber and the inventive faculties become torpid. He has been led to a habit of investigation into and criticism on the motives which actuated the old masters; and the critical spirit thus engendered finds fitting application in the prosecution of his own labours. Our school, we repeat, has undoubtedly been benefited by the impetus which Mr. Burnet has given to the thinking powers of the younger artist. Mr. Burnet's present publication of "The Cartoons of Raffaele" presents in a condensed form transcripts of the originals, together with such critical



country was passed, and he had a number of his. He said they some the same, a great river. They loved for their ladies prisoners they motion of age, being pre- M. re, which was cludes his name difficult to of men, by to explore the a. a few years recovery of a minute detail through M. of Sciences ties connect- appear to be The process tral details as of several n-transparent en drops of a sium. These ye, and them to a liquid with also- er its surface When dry, ace, and he This sheet of be covered the Calotype appears to be albumen in solution in a immediately is in pre- s, and are do-nitate of obtained in Calotypes: s of paper the positive

etched by al Descrip-

o the Art- ed it more esent ing. is essays for is theories of action masters of as of form, the modern To make which he has the object distinguished rtments of practical rks. The with mere d is apt to me torpid into and d the old engendered of his own doubtfully Mr. Burnet a younger of "The used from ch critical

notices of them separately as have fallen from the pen of Opie, Fuseli and Richardson. Mr. Burnet himself has added but little in the way of criticism. "Little new," says he in a short preface, "can be added; but what has been said by various critics may be combined, condensed, and placed in another point of view." He has thus epitomized the character of the "divine painter." He observes, that—

"Raffaello was the great painter of sacred history; but above all of subjects connected with the Christian religion. The simplicity yet grandeur of his compositions—the strong appearance of reality in the various personages introduced—stamp the scene with that truth of conviction which the Sacred Writings convey. His apostles are represented as men like ourselves, but inspired with the divine mission of Christianity; whereas the prophets and angels of Michael Angelo, though stamped with superhuman powers, yet lead the mind too far into the regions of poetic grandeur and ancient mystery. His style seems suited to symbolic and hidden meditations. Raffaello's figures are the actors and protagonists of revealed religion. They depend not for their dignity or persuasive action on the antique forms of grace or grandeur; but are imposing from their own inherent dignity—which is an appearance of true representation as actors in the great scenes depicted. In exemplifying this characteristic feature the Cartoons afford us the finest specimens, and have, therefore, been pointed out and criticized by most writers on Art."

On the transcripts themselves drawn and etched by Mr. Burnet, little need be added—save that the artist has infused into their treatment a disposition for chiar-oscuro arrangements which, while detracting from the "simplicity and grandeur" contended for by himself as the high attributes of the painter, gives a commonness of look and an un-Italian character. As a series of prints accessible from their cheapness to the million, these may serve to create a taste for better copies of the great works.

*Roberts's Sketches in Egypt and Nubia.* Parts 15, 16, 17, and 18.

"Hab en Nasr, or the Gate of Victory,"—and the "Mosque of El Hakim and Bab Zuweyeh, the gate of the Metwallis,"—are two of the earliest prints in the present numbers. As approaches to the city of Cairo, they are full of character. The sea view of Alexandria, with the various craft floating on its waters, attests the artist's powers in dealing with the water, as well as with the more substantial element. In the print of the "Minarets and Grand Entrance of the Metwallis, at Cairo," Mr. Roberts shows us the street-trade of the Turks in their open shops as they hang listlessly about, waiting for customers with the dibbuk in their mouths.—"The Bazaar of the Silk Mercers, Cairo," is a subject of a similar order:—its architecture highly ornate.—"The Ruined Mosques in the Desert west of the Citadel" are most elegant in their shapes. In that of the "Sultan Hassan, Cairo," we are introduced into an ecclesiastical interior, complete in its parts and exhibiting the faithful of their devotions. Another elegant specimen of a minaret is shown in the "Mosque of El Rhamree." There are—a general view of the "Tombs of the Caliphs, in Cairo, with the Citadel seen in the distance,"—and two plates of distinct groups of them, in which they figure in all the gorgeousness and bizarre taste of oriental buildings. "A general View of Cairo looking west" is drawn with a fidelity of perspective that amounts to illusion.—Another fine view of the city, of a like order, is taken "From the Gate of Citizenib, looking towards the Desert of Suez." The "Entrance to the Citadel of Cairo" possesses a character unique as an approach to a fortified place. Among the more remarkable objects of religious veneration are—the "Holy Tree of Metereah," believed by the Coptic and Greek Christians to be the identical tree under which the Holy Family rested when they fled from Bethlehem into Egypt to avoid the persecution of Herod,—the "Mosque of Ayed Bey, in the Desert of Suez,"—the "Minaret of the Principal Mosque in Sout, Upper Egypt,"—the "Interior of the Mosque of the Metwallis," resembling from the differently coloured nature of its marbles and the variety of its capitals and details the more modern Roman structures in the Lateran Church or Sta. Maria Maggiore; the print being heightened in interest by the introduction of

the incident of a sermon delivered to an audience who cross-legged are listening with due attention to an impassioned declaimer,—the "Grand Entrance to the Mosque of the Sultan Hassan,"—and the "Principal Mosque at Boulak." In the print of the "Tombs of the Memlooks, at Cairo," an Arab funeral lends solemnity to the scene. The "Bazaar of the Coppersmiths" is another of the street scenes of Cairo:—and another of its crowded emporiums is given in front of the "Mosque El Mooristan."—Our notice of these four numbers must close with a mention of the view, in Cairo, of the "Aqueduct of the Nile from the Island of Rhoda."—Of this work, unlike the majority of serial publications, it may with justice be said that it suffers no diminution of interest as it proceeds:—and that artist, draughtsman, and publisher have combined towards the maintenance of the high character which the numbers secured at its commencement.

*Portrait of J. Brooke, Esq., the Rajah of Sarawak.* Painted by Frank Grant, A.R.A. Engraved by G. R. Ward.

A very clear and ably conducted mezzotint, from the well-known picture of this enterprising individual.

*The Interior of a Ragged School.*

This is an etching without a title, sent to us by Mr. Candall as the design of the Marchioness of Waterford, etched by Messrs. E. K. Wehnert and Simms. It has some excellent points of composition; and, despite the hard and uncouth character of its execution, is novel and striking.

*The South-west View of the Church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, at Cromer, in Norfolk.*

This is a very neatly executed little lithograph, by a member of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. John Buckler.

*Portrait of General Sir Charles J. Napier, G.C.B.* A lithograph, by M. C. Baugnet, from a daguerreotype taken on the eve of the Commander-in-Chief's departure to assume the charge of our forces in India. It is handled in the fine masterly style which has made M. Baugnet's portraits famous; but conveys to our thinking the idea of a much larger physique than we have been accustomed to associate with the person of the officer in question. It has a look of sagacity and perseverance.

*The Inundation.* Painted by C. F. Kiörboe. Engraved by T. W. Davey.

A mezzotint which represents a Newfoundland dog and her family surrounded by the advancing waters of an inundation. Nothing short of great merit can at this hour reconcile us to a class of subject of which the public has had a surfeit. The taste for animal delineation can be readily understood in a country where the sports of the field constitute so large a portion of the pastime of our upper ranks:—and it has been gratified *ad nauseam* at the hands of some of our best artists. Our print-shop windows supply evidences abundant of this fact—and the money and intelligence expended on such matters within the last ten years have thrown subjects of poetry, history and romance into the shade.—"The Inundation" will scarcely, however, we think, be among the publications contributing largely to such an effect.

*Portrait of Henry Dover, Esq., Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the County of Norfolk.* Painted by Frank Grant. Engraved by G. R. Ward.

A clever engraving from an unpretending whole length. One of its principal merits is, that it is in composition less conventional than usual, and has the easy natural air of familiar life.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—We are sorry to learn that the good work of restoring Hexham Abbey Church, commenced a few years ago, is at a stand for want of funds. The Lady Chapel, unless something effectual be shortly done, will inevitably fall into a state of decay. There are few ecclesiastical edifices in this country which have greater claims on the sympathy of antiquaries and ecclesiologists than that of Hexham; and we are surprised to see that none of the archaeological societies appear in the list of subscribers to the repairing fund. The total amount of subscriptions received up to the 8th of August last was 1,559l. 3s.—and the sum expended in purchasing and pulling down the houses which encumbered the east front of the church was 1,431l. 19s. 6d. We

have only to add that the committee have outstanding liabilities,—and that subscriptions may be paid to Mr. Jasper Gibson, Hexham, treasurer to the fund.

There is now exhibiting at Mr. Brooks's in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, a picture, by Mr. Stewart Watson, representing the Inauguration of Robert Burns as Poet-Laureate of The Lodge Canongate, Kilwinning, Edinburgh. It contains sixty-one portraits—for the most part of the leading aristocracy and gentry of the poet's time—derived from various sources. Pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Raeburn, and Watson, authentic family portraits, miniatures, &c. have been appealed to for the materials. As a composition, historically considered, no very high encomium can justly be bestowed on this work. As a collection of faces it has its value and is interesting.—In the lithographic copy which is seen by its side there is much ability. It gives the ensemble with fidelity.

It is said to be in contemplation to erect, by subscription, a statue of the Queen, in Dublin, for the purpose of commemorating Her Majesty's recent visit to Ireland.—The friends of the late Mr. Charles Buller propose erecting a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

The half-yearly meeting of the School of Design established in the Potteries was held last week in the Town Hall of Stoke.—Mr. Labouchere, the President of the Board of Trade, taking the chair. We are glad to see that this is one of the localities—dealing as it does with a manufacture which makes its way into the homes of all classes of the people—in which the influence of these institutions is beginning to be felt. The manufacturers have lent themselves to the objects of the school,—and the students have been sent to nature during their vacations to gather outlines at first hand from the forms of plants and flowers. The modelling department is also growing into favour with the pupils:—and altogether the establishment of this school bids fair at no distant date to raise the character of, and so extend the markets for, a very important branch of our English manufactures. One resolution of the meeting conveyed to the President of the Board of Trade the wish that he would assure his colleagues, "That no branch of manufacture more urgently required the advantage of Schools of Design than that of china and earthenware,—that no district has the prospect of being more extensively benefited by their operation than the Staffordshire Potteries,—and that they trust no population will be found more grateful for their establishment." Mr. Labouchere rightly observed, that after all that Governments might do, the real success and permanent interests of such institutions as these must depend mainly on the steady support given by the communities in which they exist:—and we are glad to find that in the instance before us that element of final prosperity seems likely to be supplied.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

*A Memoir of the Countess de Rossi (Madame Sontag).* Mitchell.

A curious fate seems to attend the Ladies who enact the part of "stars" at Mr. Lumley's theatre. Be they modest as the "violet" neath a mossy stone, now become a classical flower of speech,—be they courtly as the Crown Imperial itself,—their simplicity and high breeding are alike searched out, hunted down, and done into the vulgarest of vulgar print, their blushes and bendings chronicled by some "Senior Wrangler" of Slip-slop, and their propensities biographized with an amazement as entire as if "every confidence in their indiscretion" had been uppermost in the mind of the *Balaam* who sat down to write their lives. When Mdle. Lind was in the height of her glory, a "serious Reviewer," whom some of our readers may possibly remember, hailed her as the angel who was to purify the corruption of the Stage. Now that Madame Sontag is in the ascendant, we are invited to believe that a "star" is good for little unless it be accompanied by "a garter." This fiat will bear hardly upon our Opera: for it is scarcely to be hoped that to support the Ambassador or Mistress of the Robes she will be found generally capable of descending to *contralto* depths,—or that Mr. Lumley's diplomacy will enable him often to secure an ex-Premier for a tenor or a *Generalissimo* with sixteen quarterings for his *basso pro-*



fondo? If such aristocratic days are to come, they are as yet a secret. Lord John, we fear, has not hitherto mastered a presentable shako; and though *The Duke's* notes be never false, they somewhat lack the due stage flexibility! Meanwhile, we cannot but be sorry that the Countess Rossi—a quiet lady quietly resuming her old profession for the purpose of money-making—should be dragged through the treacle of fulsome adulation as remorselessly as though she were a magic strop, or a lotion, or some cheap and ready-made garment by Doudney or Moses, with its long-winded name.

Truth to say, of few successful singers is there less to be told than of Madame Sontag. A double measure of grandiloquence, then, was necessary to fill the pea-green book before us: and thus, accordingly, does the writer under notice commence his "flowery work."

"Whether in rapid memoir or in ponderous biography, the life-sketcher or the chronicler must always find the object before him as a model endowed not only with surpassing moral and physical beauties, but with that individuality of genius, and that peculiarity of destiny, which separate the few from the crowd. To the readers remains the duty of acting as those did who were wont to attend the triumph of Roman conquerors, and urge the deduction of their mistakes and misdeeds; or as the 'Satanic advocate,' in the process of canonization in the Pope's court, show how much more of a sinner than of a saint was the mortal about to pass into the heaven of human invention."

After much more of this kind, we arrive at the birth date of Madame Rossi,—here given as January 1809—the place Coblenz. How the parents of the prodigy (for Henriette was a prodigy) entertained "a polite but most unquestioned abhorrence for the Italian stage, which they were afraid would lead their daughter to the land of moral laxity," and prevented her from appearing at Naples, *auspice* Barbaja, in order that she might be reserved for the Italian opera in the purer and more bracing air of—Vienna! is told in language no less magnificent. Subsequently, we are treated to the wondrous tale of Madame Sontag's triumphs in Paris, won by the side of Malibran:—with a notice of a "revolution" not spoken of in any political journals. Madame Sontag's *Donna Anna*, Madame Malibran's *Zerlina*, and Mlle. Heinefetter's *Donna Elvira* filled the theatre with an audience among whom were Rossini, Cherubini, Paër, Meyerbeer and Auber!—

"No doubt each great *maestro* [continues the memorialist] went there *revolving* in his mind how such voices might be turned to account in his next composition, for then even the authors of 'Masaniello,' and the 'Philtre,' of 'Il Crociato' and 'Robert le Diable,' had not adopted that style of overwrought harmony of clamorous choral, and of defensing instrumental combination, from which all pure voices of such quality shrink despairing to find melodic phrases to be uttered without contention with ophicleides and double drum."

The English in which the above lucid defence of Madame Rossi's physical delicacy and absence of dramatic force is couched cannot be too much admired. But from first to last our author is in a fever against dramatic composition or dramatic expression in dramatic music: slapping the king of Prussia in the face because of his Majesty's patronage of Meyerbeer, and assuring us that he (the king, not the composer) "places on the stage music only fitted for cathedrals, where religious fervour upholds and vivifies the ponderous form of massy harmony." Nay, what is more cruel still, for the sweet sake of Madame Sontag's warble he says hard things of all former voices and former singers. The Pastas, Malibrans, Linds had harsh, uneven voices,—some notes of which were bad, some good. They strained their throats and were on the whole but "gusty" ladies! Turn from them to the new *cantatrice*, and we find a manner and a measure of praise reminding us of nothing so much as of Sterne's student of "botany and grass" when he set himself to decide an idyllic question of supremacy betwixt a pair of warblers. "The Lark" saith he,

"Hath got a wild fantastic pipe,  
With no more music than a snipe,  
Whereas the Cuckoo's note  
Is measured and composed with thought,  
Its method is distinct and clear,  
And dwells  
Like bells  
Upon the ear,  
Which is the sweetest music one can hear!"

What manner of praise is to be given to the star which shall succeed Madame Rossi, becomes a puzzle after comparisons like the above.

But what are we who presume to approach a theme so august in a sportive mood? Having "run

through all the compass of his notes" of admiration of the songstress and the ambassadress (not forgetting to cite the pretty passage from the 'Letters from the Baltic') our author concludes his rhapsody with a strain which we shall cite, but not profess to emulate—

"When the circumstances (altho he solemnly) in which Madame Sontag has once more appeared on the horizon with undiminished glory are considered, a feeling of something more than admiration takes possession of the observer. To behold beings, of which there are not one in so many millions [what can this mean?], whose existence has scarcely been thought of, come in a critical hour, interpose their power, uphold a noble establishment, and at once defeat all the workings of intrigue, envy and ingratitude, partakes of that providential character of events to which others are secondary. This is the second time that such an interpolation has occurred as regards the greatest theatrical institution of the country. If there existed in reality such a random power as chance, such events could scarcely be reckoned among its casualties."

If there be any upon the Bench of Lawn Sleeves who care for singers and singing,—to them we recommend the theology of the foregoing passage for interpretation. It "soars into an empyrean" where we mere mortal critics will not attempt to follow it.

#### NOTES ON THE FESTIVALS.

A word or two are required to complete our notes upon the Liverpool Philharmonic Festival.—Mendelssohn's 'Lauda Sion,' given on the last morning, produced less effect than we had anticipated.—Rossini's 'Stabat' more. We never heard Signor Mario sing his air in the latter work so finely. The 'Pro peccatis,' by Herr Formes, was the one effort made by that gentleman in sacred music which betokened due previous preparation,—and accordingly it was his best piece of singing during the Festival. Too much, indeed, at this Liverpool meeting did the vocalists who have reputations to establish show themselves strangely imperfect. There was too much of scramble and after-thought, of pieces not rehearsed, and of parts wanting,—arising possibly from the desire to combine too many attractions, and some little from want of discipline on the part of the conductor. "Taking for granted" has done more to keep down the standard of execution in England than we have time here to tell. Such being the general character of the meeting as concerned the *solo* vocal performances (the choral ones prepared in Liverpool were satisfactory to a wish), it becomes doubly pleasant to notice an excellent exception in Mr. Benson; who at a moment's notice took the important tenor music in the 'Messiah,' vacated by the sudden illness of Mr. Sims Reeves, with an ease, skill and taste which have advanced him greatly with both orchestra and audience, and will tell favourably on his future career. There is no keeping back those who, like him, undertake their professional duties in a state of thorough preparation. The sentiment and declamation of Madame Viardot in the song 'If guiltless blood' (from 'Susanna') were admirable,—though she sang under circumstances of indisposition which must have disabled any one less resolute and less mistress of her own powers than herself. We ought to say among our *addenda*, that Mlle. Alboni has been singing her best at the Liverpool Concerts. What lives of "wear and tear" do artists lead in these railway times! A train brought the Italians in from Manchester just in time for the 'Stabat,'—and immediately after the 'Amen' thereof another train took them back to a rehearsal for Saturday's opera there. The influence of locomotive power upon musical taste and execution in the provinces has yet to be tabulated: not to speak of its value in "the sporting season" to the critic,—who by a very brief exhibition of "kettle-magic" was transferred from the Liverpool meeting to the

#### Birmingham Festival.

We have already adverted to the very superior nature of the selections at this meeting:—the performance of 'Elijah' on Tuesday morning made it evident that care in preparation had kept pace with judgment in arrangement. We can deliberately and on reflection assert that we never heard so lustrous an orchestra and so tuneful a chorus combined in the precise proportions fittest for the rendering of sacred music. Never before—were we sure—has 'Elijah' as a choral work gone so well. It might be with some among the executants a case of heart-warm remembrance of the last Birmingham meeting—at which

Mendelssohn presided—with others, of enthusiasm stirred by the neighbourhood of the marble bust on a pedestal which has just been temporarily placed in front of the orchestra; but certain it is, that by so much finish, expression and spirit—why not say at once true inspiration?—we were never before gladdened on the part of English performers. Then, the *tempi* of all the choruses were exact to a wish; and the entire accompaniments were wrought out with a smoothness and absence of undue emphasis which show that Signor Costa is not too arrogant to take counsel or too one-sided to conform his manner of conducting to the music confided to him. In the *solos* Madame Castellan was careful and steady,—though inefficient in the *Sanctus* of angels, which calls for a Lind to lead it,—and the Misses Williams sang their best. Herr Pischek as the *Elijah* was doubly welcome after the last week's Liverpool exhibition,—and, though not the *Elijah* that our hearts desire, nor comparable with Staudigl in this particular work, delivered some of his recitatives finely. He has considerably improved in the part since he sang it in London. Signor Mario gave the lovely air 'Then shall the righteous' with such fervour of manner and glory of voice as well to deserve his *encore*. How is it that his English is more precise and audible than that of the other principal tenor Mr. Sims Reeves? That gentleman, nevertheless, sang with his best attention and finish,—making a worthy item in a very memorable performance.

It was clearly proved on Wednesday that the music to 'Athalie,' when befittingly given, will suffer as the main attraction of a morning performance at a grand musical festival. This is a great boon—considering the restricted limits of the sacred repertory. Of the work itself we are not called upon again to speak. Would that we could hope for many repetitions of an execution so excellently perfect as was that at Birmingham! In the Overture the orchestra and its conductor came out in all their glory:—the chorus, too, was no less admirable than it had been in the 'Elijah.' In spite of its unfamiliarity of form three movements of the work must needs be repeated,—these being, the *terzetto* and chorus 'Hearts feel that love thee,'—the March,—and the chorus 'Depart, depart.' The principal parts were taken by the Misses Williams and Miss Stevens; who all sang as if determined that so far as they, too, were concerned, the execution should be perfect. The illustrative verses were recited by Mr. Bartley; but in his determination to be solemn and perspicuous, this gentleman fell into 'Ercles' vein' far deeper than we presume he intended. The illustrative text of itself too closely touches upon nanby-pamby to admit of the slightest caricature in delivery,—the reciter being in every case bound to remember that during the greater part of his task he is merely a link which binds together the separate portions of the music.—The miscellaneous selection which followed the 'Athalie' produced small effect. It was opened by a grand display of the organ by Dr. S. S. Wesley. This was extemporaneous: the longer moiety of it being a *fantasia*, the fancy of which was little to our liking. The ideas were not happy; nor (with respect to be spoken) was the exhibition of the *solo* stops so effective as we had anticipated,—the case being one where exhibition was obviously attempted. But there is no mistaking a great hand upon the organ; and this is possessed by Dr. Wesley,—who at last warmed himself up into a fine extemporaneous fugue, worthy of all honour. We are told that many finishing touches have been recently bestowed upon the instrument itself. In particular, the touch has been lightened by the adoption of the French invention of MM. Cavallé Coll. This, however (as, if we mistake not, we pointed out some dozen years ago), we believe, no French invention at all; but the discovery of an ingenious countryman of our own, Mr. Barker,—who, finding small encouragement at home, placed himself and his "notion" at the service of the Parisian builders.—To return. Another performance in this miscellaneous act worthy of note was the chorus 'Righteous Heaven beholds their guile,' from Handel's 'Susanna':—the concluding fugue of which is in its writer's most massive style, and was magnificently rendered. Madame Sontag's singing of 'With verdure clad' claims the highest praise. Her English, too, might be taken as a lesson in articulation by more than one rising English *soprano*:—Miss

Hayes among the number. We have heard much during the last few days of the employment of foreign "talent" on these occasions; but if the best is to be employed—our native artists seem resolved to drive committees and conductors upon the very measure against which their injudicious friends so loudly remonstrate. More of this matter on some future day.

'The Messiah' was performed on Thursday with not less choral and orchestral magnificence than the two preceding Oratorios, in the presence of an enormous audience, many of whose members were provided with copies of the score. But the solos were not up to Handel's high mark,—with the solitary exception perhaps of 'He shall feed His flock,' divided betwixt Miss M. Williams and Madame Sontag. How the latter lady chanced to be so unprepared in 'Rejoice greatly' is another of those puzzles which will become fewer in number the more carefully that they are enumerated. Miss Hayes sang 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' with an obvious desire to sing it devotionally which wins her a word of frank counsel. Nothing can be more discordant with the meaning and manner of Handel than the spasmodic and over-accentuated manner of the modern Italians, and that perpetual sickly gliding from one note to another by which apparently she desires to make all her effects of expression. She has much to unlearn, and more to learn, ere she can in England take a rank in any respect corresponding to that held by her on the other side of the Alps: but from time to time (as on Thursday) she tantalizes us with indications of study and intention, and we would fain encourage these into a steady, industrious purpose of laying aside her obvious vocal mannerisms and acquiring a sound general musical training. The pieces repeated in the Messiah were 'He shall feed his flock,' and the choruses 'All we like sheep' and 'Their sound has gone out,' strange to my, not 'For unto us' or the 'Hallelujah,'—which were given with a positive glory of perfect power!

The two first concerts at Birmingham did not equal in interest the Oratorios which we have chronicled above. In truth, as we have a thousand times lamented, there is no continuous secular composition for the purpose in value corresponding to 'Elijah' or 'Athalia' or the 'Messiah'—save perhaps the 'First Walpurgis Night,' which was reserved for the last evening meeting. Therefore no blame can be laid upon the selections:—each night had its Symphony and Overture of the highest quality—admirably performed. There have been no haltings nor unfulfilled promises. On both evenings M. Thalberg performed a solo,—on the first M. Sainton gave a fantasia—on the second, Mr. Chipp exhibited the organ in variations on 'God save the Emperor,' composed by himself. He bids fair to be a great player: but is not yet strong enough as a writer to have a place in a Birmingham programme,—especially when it is recollected how many noble organ-works by Bach and Mendelssohn are still "sealed books" to the English public. On Wednesday evening the singing of Madame Sontag was the greatest vocal attraction. She may not be powerful enough for the stage as it exists in our time with its noisy orchestras and its dramatic exigencies,—but is hardly to be paragoned as a concert-singer of showy music: her voluble and delicate execution being brought to bear on a voice every tone of which is a charm. After the displays of taste and tune made by other ladies, her *polecca* from 'Linda' sounded deliciously young in its notes and excellently mature in the musician-like skill and composure with which every passage was wrought out. Her reception was rapturous:—and if she be wise, should point the career to be taken by her. Of the more familiar and less finished vocalists liberally assembled we have no call to speak severally and singly. We cannot think His Royal Highness Prince Albert's *cantata* in praise of Harmony (a positive piece of nursery-music) had any place in a meeting so grand as the one under notice. When native composers are questioned "at the barriers," amateurs should not be allowed to pass merely because of their royalty. Reserving still a remark or two for a closing notice, let us conclude for this week by declaring that the excellence of the arrangements at Birmingham seems to have been all-pervading. We are especially bound to commemorate the ready and indefatigable courtesy of those in office:—by

no means "a constant quality" at English provincial meetings.—In short, the best possible tone has pervaded the meeting; and we are glad to learn that its success financially has been commensurate.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—On Thursday evening Mr. Knowles's play of 'The Love Chase' was performed for the first time at this theatre, in order to afford another opportunity for Miss Fitzpatrick to test her talents. Her part was *Constance*. Traces of the imitation of Mrs. Nisbett were numerous; but there was sufficient impulse, notwithstanding, to establish substantive originality. The powers of the young actress were not throughout equal to the character. We suspect, indeed, that her *forte* is in prose not poetical comedy:—that she is wanting in the inspiration needed to support blank verse dialogue with effect. Many passages were undertoned:—as, for instance, the celebrated description of the chase in the second act. But on the whole the performance was more than respectable.—We must award to Miss Bassano the highest commendation for the natural and pathetic style in which she performed the part of *Lydia*. Let this actress proceed steadily in her course of quiet endeavour,—and she will in this class of character attain to great finish.

**NEW STRAND.**—A very clever drama, in one act, by Mr. J. Maddison Morton, was on Thursday evening produced, with new scenery and costume. It is connected with Portugal and the middle of the eighteenth century. The success was of the most decided nature. The part of *Dona Francesca*, the regent of Portugal, was gracefully rendered by Mrs. Stirling; who contrived to exhibit in a manner charming and effective the different phases of "the mood royal,"—now showing womanly affection for her merely military husband, *Don Manuel* (Mr. L. Murray),—now jealously asserting the prerogative of her station, and insisting on his non-interference in her distribution of place and favour. The intrigue that follows this position of things—in which *Don Manuel* proceeds to serve his friend, *Don Lopez Avila* (Mr. W. Farren), by seeming to prefer his rival for office, *Don Scipio de Pompolino* (Mr. Compton)—was very amusing. The *embroglio* was well contrived. The puzzled condition, perplexity, and confusion of all parties except *Don Manuel* was highly provocative of mirth. In the neatness of the structure we detect the French origin of the piece:—to which also the refinement of the sentiments may be partly attributable. But the dialogue is written with such spirit, that much praise remains to the adapter. The piece is capitally acted.—This little theatre has been very happy in its new productions; and is rapidly acquiring a character for the taste displayed in its management.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.**—The Liverpool and Birmingham Festivals are of importance enough to absolve us for the moment from any need of gathering or commenting upon musical rumours, home or foreign. But novelty has not been wanting. The "old familiar" artists belonging to the Italian Operas have, in the short space which has elapsed since their town career finished, been treating "the country" to some stage impersonations not ventured by them in London. Madame Sontag has been singing *Norina* in 'Don Pasquale'; which, by a most simple *morsina*, has astonished far-away folk into imagining that she has laid gentle hands on *Norma*! Her tone is understood to have been hitherto less successful than was anticipated. Mdlle. Alboni has been "trying conclusions" with Mdlle. Jenny, by appearing in the 'Figlia del Reggimento,' while Mdlle. Corbari has been strengthening the cast of 'La Cenerentola' by giving to that opera, what we have greatly longed for but never enjoyed,—a competent *Clorinda*. Signor Bartolini has pleased, and is making progress,—being in every point of view an artist well worth the watching. A week or two more, and some of these circuits must end. Madame Grisi and Signor Mario proceed straightway to St. Petersburg, accompanied by Signor Ciabatta.—The manager of the Havana Opera has been tempting Madame Persiani to cross the Atlantic. Before we have done with the movements of these restless times, we should mention that Mr. Wallace is about

to visit South America; taking with him, it is said, a new opera book for composition.

It is said in the north, that Herr Halle is to have the conductorship of the Gentlemen's Concerts at Manchester—one of the most honourable musical appointments out of London. It is stated in the *Dramatic and Musical Review* (on what authority is not added) that Madame Pleyel is going to forsake the piano, for the romantic drama of 'La Jeune France'—now, *La Jeune France* no more! We are reminded that our home Amateur Societies are on the increase by an advertisement of "the Second Concert" of the 'London Amateur Operatic Society' in the same periodical.

We are, perforce, taken from times present to times past, in the completest fashion possible, by having encountered in the foreign papers an account of the death of Herr Gyrowetz, at Vienna, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. In his day—"some sixty years since" he was a well esteemed composer of all manner of music—and was for forty-four years *kapellmeister* attached to the court of Austria. But what living musician, executant or critic, can recollect (if indeed he have ever heard) a note by Gyrowetz? He is said to have left copious musical memoirs in manuscript: which ought to prove interesting.—We hope that rumour is wrong in announcing that Madame Laborde has died of cholera in America. As a brilliant singer she was one whose return to Europe was speculated upon with more than ordinary interest—and can be ill spared. In Paris, M. Coulon, the ballet director at the Théâtre de l'Opera, has fallen a victim to the prevailing scourge.

Our contemporaries are correct in announcing that, as the first among the many schemes for the revival of English opera, a committee has been formed for the purpose, if possible, of placing a native musical theatre on something like a sound basis. The committee consists of Sir H. R. Bishop, Messrs. Balfe, Planché, Chorley, Sims Reeves, Harrison, Morris, Gruneisen, Lucas, Blagrove, Beale, and T. Chappell.—Mr. Stretton being the secretary: and it may be perhaps accepted as an earnest of solidity and foresight in counsel, that their measures have reference to *commencing*, merely, the undertaking in October twelvemonth. We shall probably have from time to time to comment upon such proceedings of this body as come before the public: and, that good-will may not be wanting, will endeavour (time and space permitting) to throw together one or two considerations which, with such deliberations pending, may be found not without interest to the musician and the public. There is no invincible obstacle to the design being successfully followed out,—if the preliminary difficulties be honestly owned and manfully met.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Mr. Hunt on the Probable Causes producing Cholera.**—We have received a variety of letters enforcing further attention to the views of Mr. Hunt as propounded in our columns last week [*ante*, p. 885]. The following incidental corroboration of them we take from a letter of the Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* which appeared in that paper on the 4th instant. "In the middle of the present month the cholera appeared in a village in the district of Magdeburgh, and caused great alarm from the fatal nature of the attacks, the number of deaths being disproportionately high compared with the number of the population. While the disease was at its height, a fire broke out and threatened the whole place with destruction; it required the exertions of nearly all the inhabitants to confine it to the house where it originated; three persons lying ill of the cholera had to be carried out through the flames. It was expected that the terror would increase the disease, but it is a singular fact that the reverse occurred; there has not been a single case since, and the persons rescued from the fire recovered.—On the same subject we have received the following.—

Stanmore, September.

I have just read the article in the *Athenæum* on 'The Probable Causes in Operation to produce Pestilential Cholera'; and, as the friend of Prof. Schönbein and recently from Basle, it may be of some importance that I can confirm what is asserted in the article above men-

tioned. I have had stated to me by Dr. Schönbein the fact, that the atmosphere has for a very considerable period been deficient in ozone;—that he himself, a year or two ago, suffered with his family very severely from influenza, when ozone was found by him to be in excess. In one point I must differ from your correspondent:—ozone is not Thénard's per-oxide of hydrogen. I had previously put it to Dr. Schönbein, "that his ozone (which he considers deuto-oxide of hydrogen) might be considered identical with the French chemist's substance," and do so again in July last,—and at both periods he convinced me that ozone possesses properties which entirely distinguish it from Baron Thénard's oxygenated water. If, then, ozone be intimately connected with the prevalence of cholera and be also entirely distinct from Thénard's oxygenated water, the latter substance may prove ineffectual "as a remedial agent in Asiatic cholera."—I am, &c, J. A. BARROS.

**Discovery of Coal in Egypt.**—The *Journal des Débats* publishes a letter from Grand Cairo of the date of the 1st of August, which announces the discovery, by a French civil engineer, of a stratum of coal in the vicinity of the Nile, towards Upper Egypt. This discovery will relieve the government from the tribute paid to England for the purchase of this indispensable article. Two engineers, an Englishman and a Frenchman, were employed, our readers will remember, to investigate the lands in the vicinity of the Nile, for the discovery of coal, about three years ago; when they reported that there was none, and that none would be found. The French engineer first mentioned has overthrown this bold assertion. The samples have been referred to a commission,—and the excavations will, it is said, be continued on a large scale.

**The Maize Crop in the Park.**—About two months back we mentioned that an experiment had been made in St. James's Park, by permission of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, in order to ascertain whether the maize plant might be successfully cultivated in this country. We are now enabled to announce the result. It is right to premise that the experiment was made under disadvantages which must be manifest to every practical agriculturist. The spot in which the seed was put down abutted on a nursery of young trees and flowering shrubs, which, as is well known, absorb a large proportion of the nutritive sap of the soil, whilst the foliage deprives the neighbouring plants of the benefit of heat, light and air,—all of which contribute to healthy vegetation. Notwithstanding these drawbacks,—the little maize crop has fully realized all that was anticipated. It was sown the latter end of May, and now in the beginning of September it is ripe for cutting. The appearance of the plant is peculiarly graceful,—far more so, indeed, than that of any ordinary corn-field. The stems, which run up perfectly straight, are generally from four to five feet high, and are much thicker than the larger wheat straw. They throw out from the root upwards a succession of flag-like leaves, the stem terminating in a little tuft, from which spring the ears of corn, somewhat irregularly clustered; and, in this instance, apparently not heavily laden. However, from the concurrent opinion of several practical agriculturists, many of whom have taken a lively interest in the experiment, it seems not unlikely that the maize plant will be very generally sown henceforward. Its main recommendations are,—cheapness of seed, rapid growth, simplicity of cultivation, and comparatively large production. One important fact, however, must not be lost sight of by those who may feel disposed to speculate in maize sowing. It requires a sunny aspect and a warm soil. Amongst those who are about to experimentize upon a larger scale next year, are his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who proposes sowing a piece of land at Flemish Farm,—his Grace the Duke of Richmond, at Goodwood,—and the Duke of Norfolk, at Arundel.—*Times*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—N. C.—J. D.—A. G. S.—H. H.—D. F.—A. Constant Reader—Mr. H.—P. W. D.—E. K.—G. R.—P. H. J. T.—M. H.—received.

H. B.—We have made inquiry into the subject-matter of this correspondent's complaint, and the answer furnished to us is as follows:—"The articles invented or manufactured by Mr. H. B. were received for exhibition, and exhibited in March last. Prior, however, to such exhibition they were submitted to the Council—but were not recommended for reward. Consequently, in conformity with the printed notices in the Society's prize list, and likewise in the Almanac for 1849, they were left to be called for 'within fourteen days after the list of June, to prevent loss of or injury to the same'—and not being now in the possession of the Society, it is presumed that they must have been delivered up to order in the usual manner."

**RURAL CHEMISTRY: AN ELEMENTARY INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE SCIENCE IN ITS RELATION TO AGRICULTURE.** BY EDWARD SOILLY, F.R.S. F.L.S. F.G.S., Hon. Memb. Roy. Agr. Soc. Eng., Prof. of Chemistry to the Horticultural Society of London, Lecturer on Chemistry in the Hon. E. I. Company's Military Seminary at Addiscombe, &c. &c.

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*Preface to the Second Edition.*—In preparing a Second Edition of this little book, the opportunity has been taken of correcting several errors which the First Edition contained. The whole has been carefully revised, and such additions have throughout been made as the advanced state of knowledge rendered necessary. In particular, the Tables of Analyses have been greatly extended, by the addition of the latest and most complete analyses of almost all those plants which are cultivated as crops, as well as of the principal substances employed as manure.—April 20, 1846.

# INDEX.

Acetates	Changes, chemical	Flowers	Limes, juice of	Pickling cabbage	Soda-carbonate-in
Acetic acid	Charcoal	Flowers, their effect	on the air	Plants, composition	rocks—in plants
Acids—acetic—ben-	Charcoal absorbs am-	Fluorides	monia	of death—decom-	muric—in nitrate-
zoic—carbonic—citric	Charring	Fluorine	loss of manure	pose carbonic acid	in soils—silicate-
—malic—muriatic	Chert	Food of animals—of	liver	effect on the air—	sulphate—chloride
—nitric—oxalic	Chert—ham salts	plants	Lucerne	food of growth of	Sodium—chloride
—phosphoric—pyrrolig-	Cherry-tree gum	Formation of seed—of	liver	nutrition of—their	Sulphate—chloride
neous—silicic—sulphuric	Chlorides—calcium—	soils	lungs of animals	elements	Sulphate—chloride
—uric—organic	—gold—magnesium—	soils	lungs of animals	Plaster stone	Sulphate—chloride
best for	—potassium—silver—	soils	lungs of animals	Ploughing, subsoil	Sulphate—chloride
Action of plants on	sodium—zinc	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
the air	Chlorine	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Active principles	Chyme	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Adulteration of guano	Circulation of the	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
blood	Chyme	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Affinity, chemical	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
After-damp in mines	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Air contains carbonic	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
acid—contains water	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
—inflammable—its	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
necessary to life—its	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
composition—resists	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
compression	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Alabaster	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Alumina	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Alumina—phosphate	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
—silicate of—in soil,	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
use of	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Alumina, oxide	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Ammonia—absorbed	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
by charcoal—carbo-	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
nate of—fixing of	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
—muriate—phos-	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
phate—sulphate—	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
urate of	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Ammoniacal liquor	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Analysis	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Animal heat—na-	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
tures—principles,	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
proximate—substanc-	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
es	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Animals, breathing	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Aquafortis	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Artichoke, Jerusalem	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Arrow-root	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Asbes of coal—fix-	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
ed—of—of—of	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
sea-weed—of wood	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Atom	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Attraction	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Azote	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Barilla	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Barley—barley straw	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Batatas	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Bay salt	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Bean, field	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Beans, kidney	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Bean straw	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Beech ashes—nuts	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Beet—beet-rucousce	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Bell metal	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Bile	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Binary compounds	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Biphosphate of lime	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Bisulphate of potash	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Bittern	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Blackening by chlorine	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
—by sulphur	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Blood	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Blubber	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Bones	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Bones and sulphuric	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
acid	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Brass	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Bread	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Bricks	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Brimstone	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
British gum	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Bromides	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Brownie	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Buckwheat	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Burning—lime—	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
plants	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Burnt clay	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Butter	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Cabbage	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Calamine	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Calcium	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Calcium, chloride	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Calcium—ammonia	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Candle, burning of	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Cane, sugar	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Carbon in plants	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Carbonate—ammonia	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
—iron—lead—lime—	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
magnesia—potash—	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
soda	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Carbonates decom-	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
posed by acids	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Carbonates—lime—	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Carbonic acid neces-	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
sary to plants	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Carbonic oxide	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Carbonized hydrogen	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Carcases	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Carrot	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Castor oil	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Caustic potash	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Cellars, foul air in	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride
Chalk	Citric acid	soils	lungs of animals	Pond mud	Sulphate—chloride



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5,000	10 years	200 0 0	787 10 0	6,087 10 0
5,000	8 years	100 0 0	787 10 0	5,887 10 0
5,000	6 years	.. ..	675 0 0	5,675 0 0
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